

THE  
MIRROUR  
WHICH  
FLATTERS NOT.

Concerning the contempt of  
the World, or the Meditation of  
Death; of *Philip King of Macedon,*  
*Saladine, Adrian, and Alex-*  
*ander the Great.*

---

By  
Le *Sieur* de la SERRE, Historio-  
grapher of FRANCE.

Transcribed ENGLISH from the  
FRENCH, by T. Cary, Esq.

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Horat.  
*Omnem crede Diem tibi diluxisse Supremum.*

---

LONDON, Printed by E. T. and R. H.  
for R. Thrale, and are to be sold under St. Mar-  
tin Outwich Church in Bishops-Gate-street  
near the Post-house, 1673.

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THE  
DESIGN  
OF THE  
FRONTISPIECE.

**L**O, **DEATH** invested in a Roab of Ermine,  
Triumphant sits, embellished with Vermine,  
Upon a Pile of dead men's skulls; her Throne,  
Pell-mell subduing all, and sparing none.  
A scrutinous judgement will the Type rescent,  
You may imagine, 'Tis **DEATH**'s Parliament.  
Upon the World its pow'rfull Foot doth tread,  
For, all the world, or is, or shall be dead.  
One hand the Scepter, i' other holds our Mirrour,  
In courtesie to shew poor flesh its errour:  
If men forget themselves, It tells 'em home,  
They're Dust and Ashes, All to this must come.  
To view their fate herein, some will forbear,  
Who wave all thought of Death as too severe:  
But know, Death's (though't be unknown how nie)  
A Point, on which depends **ETERNITY**,  
Either to live Crown'd with perpetual Bliss,  
Or howl tormented in Hell's dark Abyss.  
With winged haste our brittle lives do pass,  
As runs the gliding Sand i' th' Hour-glass.

*If more you would, continue on your Look  
No more upon the Title, but the Book.*



**THIS CHART W**

**FIRST CHART**

**AT THE END O**

HART WILL BE THE  
CHART APPEARING  
END OF THIS FILM.



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THE

MIRROUR

OF

THE

CONSTITUTION

OF

THE

REPUBLIC

OF

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UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

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TO THE  
K I N G  
OF GREAT  
BRITAIN.

SIR,

**I**F the Greatness of Kings derive its value and lustre from the number of Vertues which they possess; I render you now the homage of my observance and submissions, as to one of the great'st Monarchs of the World, since you are the Majesty of all Vertues together. What an agreeable compulsion is this, to see a man's self powerfully forced to become the subject of a forrain Prince, by the sovereign authority of his merit? To this point am I reduced, SIR: Your all royal perfections impose upon me so absolutely such sweet laws of servitude, that I have no more liberty, but to accept its yolk. And in this, my inclination and duty make a fresh injunction

over me, which dispute preheminnence  
with all the rest : for who can keep him-  
self from rendring homage to your Ma-  
jesty, the onely fame of whose Renown  
captivates through all the Universe;  
instructing us, that you are as absolute  
over your Passions, as over your Sub-  
jects; and that you reign, as Sovereign  
in the esteem of men, as in your Royal  
Estates: And the truth of this sets your  
glory at so high a worth, that the feli-  
city on't may perhaps be envied you;  
but the like Merit not to be reacht by o-  
thers, because Nature is very sparing of  
the like gifts, and Heaven does not eve-  
ry day such miracles. For me, I am but  
one of the Admirers, not of the great-  
ness of your Dominion (although on-  
ly the vast extent of the Ocean marks  
out its limits) but of all the divine qua-  
lities which you only possess in proper as  
a Good, which Time, Fate, nor Death  
can take from you. Nor is this the all in  
all, to be Wise, Valiant, and Generous,  
in the height of Native deduction; All  
these

these Titles of Honour have degrees of eminence, which mark out to us the gradations of their several perfections, and whereof your Majesty shews us now the only pattern, having in possession all admirable Vertues; with so much purity and lustre, as dazles its very enviers, and forces them to adore that in your Majesty, which elsewhere they admire not. And it is my belief, that you stand thus unparallel'd even amongst your semblables, since besides the Crowns of your Cradle, you carry above them others, and such as shall exempt you from the Grave. I avow, that I have studied long time to speak condignely of your Majesty; but although my pains and watchings are equally unprofitable, my defect yet is still glorious howsoever, that it is a shadow from your Light. It sufficeth me to have taken Pen in hand, to publish only, that I am,

SIR,

Your MAJESTIES

Most humble, and most  
obeyant Servant;

P. de la SERRE.

---

TO THE  
QUEEN  
OF GREAT  
BRITAIN.

MADAM,

I Could not *approach*, but with a *MIRROUR* in my *band*, before your Majesty; the *splendour* of whose *magnificence* dazles so powerfully all the *world*, that I am not able to behold the *immediate presence* of it, but by the *reflection* of its *Rays*. Without fiction, *MADAM*, Your *Glory* is arrived to the *point* of rendring your *perfections* so unknown, as being so above the *Commune*, that I believe most men *honour* you now by *observance* and *example* only, as not able *otherwise* to *reach* the depth of the *just reasons* they might have for it. Nor is this *All*, to say that you are *solely fair*, and *perfectly chaste*; but it is *necessary*, beyond all *this*, to *intimate secretly*, in the *Language* of *Thought*, all the *divine qualities* which you *possess* of *Supereminence* in all *things*, since their *purity* cannot descend to the *capacity* of  
our

our discourse, without suffering a kind of profanation. From hence is it, that if I should call you, *The compleatly-perfect*, I might well say in effect that which you are; but nevertheless should I represent the greatness of your merits, since every of them in it self has such particular perfections, as might challenge Altars from us, if your humility could permit it: These are such Truths (*MADAM*) as hinder me from praising your Majesty, not knowing how to express my self condignly. Well might I perhaps suggest it to remembrance, that your particular inclinations are the publick Vertues which we adore; and that of the same temperament of humour, Nature compos'd heretofore the Sages of the world: But of all these discourses notwithstanding, I cannot frame one only praise sufficiently adequate to your worth, seeing it is elevated beyond all Eulogiums. Insomuch, that if Admiration it self teach not a new Language to posterity, wherein to proclaim aloud the favours and graces wherewith Heaven hath accomplish'd you; it must content it self, to reverence your Name, and adore your Memory, without presumption of speech of your actions, as being ever above all valuation, as well as imitation. To instance the immortality of your *AVGUSTICK* Race, al-

A 5

though

though it be a pure *Source of Honour*, which can never be *dried up*; yet all these *Titles of a Kings Daughter, Sister, and Wife*, can never add to your *Renown*, which derives its *value* rather from the *admirabilities* of your *Life*, than the *greatness* of your *Birth*. Inso-much (*MADAM*) that the *Scepters* and *Crowns* of your *Royalties*, are the meanest *Ornaments* wherewith your *Majesty* can *deck* it self; since the least glimpse of the least of your *Actions*, dusks the lustre of all the other *magnificences*, which environ you. And I believe, had those *Wonders of the World* been of such a worth, as every day you *desery*, they had powerfully resisted against the *assaults* of *Ages*: but as they had nothing *admirable* in them, but the *Name*, *Memorials* have preserved that, and let them *perish*. But yours (*MADAM*) which are too perfect for a *mutable Name*, shall not cease to survive the *revolutions* of *Times*, as being enlivened by *Vertue*, which alone can exempt from *Death*. Let it not seem strange then, if I hazard the *perils* of the *Sea*, to render *Homage* to a *Queen*, whose *Greatness* perforce *humbles* the most *arrogant spirits*, being not able, so much as in *thought*, to reach to the *first degree* of her *Glory*. The *Graces* themselves are *bers*, and the *VERTUES* have

have *allianced* their *own* and *her* Name; and  
all the *adorable* *qualities* which are found  
here *below*, are *admirable* in her *alone*, as in  
their *Source*. I am constrained to be *silent*  
(*MADAM*) being over-charged with  
too much *subject* of *speech*. The *number* of  
your *Perfections* astonishes me, the *greatness*  
of your *Merit* ravishes me, the *splendour* of  
your *Vertue* dazles me : And in this *dazle*,  
this *transport*, this *excess* of *admiration*,  
wherein my *senses* and *spirits* are all alike  
*engaged*; I am compelled to cast my self at  
the *feet* of your *Majesty*, and demand *pardon*  
of the *boldness* which I assume only to en-  
joy the *stile* of,

*MADAM,*

Your *MAJESTIES*

*Most humble, and most*

*obisfant Servants,*

R. de la SERRE.

---

TO THE  
QUEEN  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN.

Upon the  
MIRROUR  
*Which Flatters not, Of le Sieur de la*  
S E R R E.

---

S O N N E T.

**P**Rincess, this perverse Age's glorious gemm,  
Whose least of Vertues seems a prodigie;  
Illustrious Sien, of the fairest Stemm,  
That Heaven e'er shew'd this Universe's eye;  
Though Fate with thousand hind'rances averse,  
Bars me the place, to which my duty's bent:  
It cannot cheere my Soul from self-torment,  
But by design to portray you in Verse.  
But since that Serres shew's in this true Mirroure  
The Vertues of your Mind's eternal splendour,  
As lively as your Body's beautilous measure,  
My beed to view you here lets others pass;  
So well I here agnize all your rare treasure,  
That I ne'er saw a better Cryстал-glass.

Barth Sr. C.

To

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# To the AUTHOR,

upon the same Subject.

---

## STANZA'S.

**D**ivine Spirit, *knowing* Soul,  
*Which with lovely sweet controul*  
*Rank'st our Souls those good rules under,*  
*Which thy Pen lays down with wonder,*  
*Whil'st the sweetness of thy Voice*  
*Breathes oracular sacred noise.*

*All thy Works so well esteem'd*  
*Through Europe, proofs are deem'd*  
*Of thy Gifts, which all admire,*  
*Which such Trophies thee acquire.*  
*And with these thy Muse invested,*  
*Orpheus is by thee out-crested.*

*Also since blind Ignorance*  
*Makes no more abode in France,*  
*Seldome can we meet with such,*  
*As the works of thy sweet touch :*  
*Such immortal strains of spirit,*  
*As do thousand Laurels merit.*

But although thy active Muse  
Wonders did before produce,  
As we seldom see the like;  
This doth with amazement strike:  
'Tis a Mirrour, that doth shine  
More with Fire, than Crystalline.

'Tis a Mirrour never flatters,  
On my eyes such rayes it scatters,  
That therewith I daz'd am,  
Searching for thee in the same,  
By some charm, or stranger case,  
I see thy spirit, not thy face.

This strange fashion doth amaze me,  
When I (ne're so little) gaze me,  
I am straight all on a fire,  
The more I look, more I admire:  
'Tis a Mirrour sure of flame,  
Sparkling, more we mark the same:

Yet not every prying eye  
Shall it self herein espie;  
'Tis not for so commune use,  
Free from flattering abuse;  
None so clearly here are seen,  
As King Charles, and his fair Queen.

Three

---

*Therefore thus the Author meant,  
To the World it to present;  
Since it is a thing so rare,  
And unparalleled fair;  
That it should a Tablet be  
For the fairest he could see.*

*Serres, this thy work-man-ship  
Doth my spirit over-strip,  
With such judgement, and such grace,  
Thou do'st shew in little space  
Three strange Wonders, without error,  
Two bright Suns in one clear Mirrour.*

*And by this thy rare composition,  
Shall thy Name, beyond enclosure  
Of this present Age, obtain  
Eternal honour for thy pain:  
Writing to these Princes Graces,  
Thou art prais'd in thousand places.*

*Par le mesme.*

*Upon*

---

Upon the Book.

SONNET.

**H**ere, undisguis'd, is seen in this true  
    *Mirror,*  
The glory, or the shame of mortal story,  
As Reason, or the mis-led senses errour,  
Do win the day, or yield the Victory:  
Serres doth here lively delineate  
Our every dayes vain wretched passages,  
And what is destin'd after Funerall state,  
To innocent pureness, or black wickedness.  
Such diverse subjects in this one enclosed,  
Such various objects to the view exposed.  
Thou little Monarch, Man, small Universe,  
Thy Soul it lessons thus, and thee informs:  
As thou art Soul, with heavenly fires converse,  
As thou art flesh, thou art a Bait for worms.

---

**A** Morallize on these, *Sieur Serres* writes,  
Nor Comick Jest, nor amorous toys endites,  
Their Paphian Dames whil' st others loosely sing,  
The Knell of Death his solemn style doth ring:  
Those subjects, which whole heards of Poets use  
Thread-bare, his nobler Soul disdains to chuse:  
While richly such a Reader These will fit,  
Whose judgment prizeth wisdom above wit.

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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**I** *T may, perhaps, seem strange, that I treat so often in my Works of the same matter, as of the contempt of the World, and Meditations of Death: But if the importance of the Subject be considered, and the profit to be derived thence, a Man will never be weary of seeing such fair truths under different presentations. Besides, the conceptions of Spirit upon the same matter, are like the productions of Nature in the Species's of Tulips: Every year she gives a Change, both to their Colour, and Array. And though they be still Tulips, she renders them so different from their first resemblance, that they can hardly otherwise be known, but by the name. The Mind does the same, upon the same subject; its Fancies, which are its ornaturation, and embellishment, render it by their diversity so different from it self, that it is hardly known, but by the Titles, which it bears, to particularize each conceit. So that if once again I represent unto thee the pourtrait of Vanity, and the Image of Death, my Spirit, which hath steaded me for Pencil, and Colouring*

---

ing in this Work, hath rendred it so rare in its Novelty, and so excellent in difference from those which have preceded, that thou shalt find nothing in it commune with them, but my name. Thou mayest consider moreover, that I dedicate Books to Kings and Queens not every day; and that these objects of such eminent magnificence do so nobly rouze the faculties of my Soul, that I could not have petty thoughts for such high Personages. It is that, which, without ostentation, makes me believe, that if thou buy once again this Book, and tak'st the pains to read it, thou wilt regret neither the Time, nor Money, which thou shalt employ therein. Adieu.

If thou beest of so good an humour, to pardon the Faults, excuse those of the Impression.

---

# The Scope addrest to the SERIOUS.

**L** Et merrier Spleens read *Lazarill*, or  
laugh

At *Sancho Pancho*, or the *Grapes-blood* quaff;  
And tickle up their *Lungs* with interlace  
Of *Tales*, and *Toyes*, that furrow up the face  
With wrinckling *Smiles*: But if they *abusive*  
be

To slight *these hints* of their *Mortality*,  
Urg'd by our *Author*; 'tis a *foolish way*,  
And weakly does become *corruptive Clay*.

If they do meerly *carp*, and lye o'th' catch,  
*Harm be to them*, that only for *harm watch*.

*Solomon* said it, *The deriding scorns*  
Of *fools* are but *cracklings of flaming thorns*.

Let them that will our *sober sadness* shun,

Go to the *merry Devil* of *Edmonton*,

Or some such *Plot*, whose *Author's* drift hath  
bin,

To set the people on the *merry pin*:

Here is no *Scope* for such as love to jeer,

Nor have we *Theam* for *Panto-Mimicks* here.

They that are *ravisht* with each *jigging Toy*,

Let'em laugh on, and jolly mirth enjoy.

Fairly

---

Fairly be this a *warning*, here's no sport,  
And 'tis all one, if they be *sorry* for't,  
Or if they *care* not. Sit they *merry* then,  
Hete's for the *Genius* of more *solid* men.  
*Serres* salutes the *serious*; who are such,  
Their better-moulded *intrals* he doth twich  
With stirring *truths*, and weigh'em to the  
poize

Of equal *judgement*, without *gigling* noise.  
Sad *Meditations* here compose the *Look*  
*Socratick-like*, which no *flash-humour* shook;  
*Dust*, *Earth*, and *Ashes* are the *Episbites*  
Here propiate to the *best*; and all the *Sights*  
Expos'd in this *True Mirror* to the *Eye*,  
Are *Death*, the *Grave*, and the *World's Va-*  
*nity*,  
The *frailty* of *mankind*; and, some have  
try'd,  
Such *pensive thoughts* will lay the *dust* of  
*Pride*.

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T H E

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THE  
PARAGRAPHS,  
(So comprized in the *Emblems*)  
giving subject to the *Author's*  
Discourses following.

---

I.

**P**hilip, the King of Macedon  
Daily was rowz'd, and call'd upon  
By a shrill Page, whose Bon jour ran,  
Remember, SIR, you are a Man.

II.

A Shirt is all remains, in fine,  
To victorious Saladine,  
At Death, a piece of Linnen is  
All, that Great Monarch could call his.

III.

Adrian slights Triumphal glory,  
In the Grave founds his prime story,  
Before all pomp he doth prefer  
His Mausolean Sepulcher.

IV.

Diogenes, in Cynick guise,  
Puts Alexander to surmise,  
Itb' Miscellany of the Dead,  
Which is a King's, or Common's Head.

A T

# P R O L U S I O N

## Upon the E M B L E M E

Of the first Chapter.

**R**ise, for a *serene Morn* brings on the day,  
The *Sun* is mounted onward of his way,  
The *Ant hymne's* high among the feather'd  
    *Quires,*  
A lively breath the agile *Air* inspires.  
*Draw-ope* the *Curtains*, do not close the *Eye*  
From the *fresh beauties* of the *Azure-Skie*.  
Mark what a smart *Bon-jour* his *Page* did  
    bring  
Each *Morn* to *Philip*, *Macedonia's* King,  
REMEMBER (*Royal Sir*) YOU ARE  
    A MAN,  
The *hours* are wing'd, the length of *life's* a  
    *span*.  
This pow'rful *hint* stirr'd up the *King* to  
    *rise,*  
Whose name *Heroick deeds* immortalize.  
Gross-vapour'd, heavy-headed *sleepers* wake,  
In the bright *Morn* no more soft *slumbers*  
    take: For

For *Action* Man was made. Our *Life's* a race,  
He that would win the Prize, must run a-  
pace.

Be not enchanted with the lulling Down,  
That charms the senses in Lethargick swoon;  
Leave the enclosure of Bed-Canopie,  
And give the view more spacious Liberty?  
Forake the grave-type Couch, where Death  
doth keep

His nightly Sessions, imaged by Sleep.

He that's a *Dormouse* for the time is dead,  
And is entomb'd already in his Bed.

Who knows how soon that sheet, whereon  
he lyes,

May single serve t' enwrap him when he dies?

How soon these lazy feather-bedded bones

May Coverletted be with Marble-stones?

Where no joynt-suppling warmth shall give  
refresh

To high-fed veins, nor ease improved flesh;

Where those pufft grossures, which ore-cu-  
rious cost

Hath surfeit-swoln, are putrid, and lost.

Who would be *Ep'icurean*, since 'tis thus

We that eat all things else, worms will eat  
Us?

Or who would be o're-haughty, since to  
Earth

He must return, as thence he had his Birth?

Mean-

Mean-while, though *life's quick sand* doth  
*hourly pass,*

A sluggard *sleeps* out more than half his  
*Glass.*

Be *Active* while you may, for *Time's* post  
*haste*

*Spurs* on each forward *Minute* to the *last.*

Such thoughts as these best fit the *Morning's*  
*prime,*

To *Rouse* Men's *Spirits* to *Redeem* the *Time.*

Let such our *Matters* be, e're *Death's* sad  
*Knell*

Summon our wand'ring *Souls* to *Heaven* or  
*Hell.*

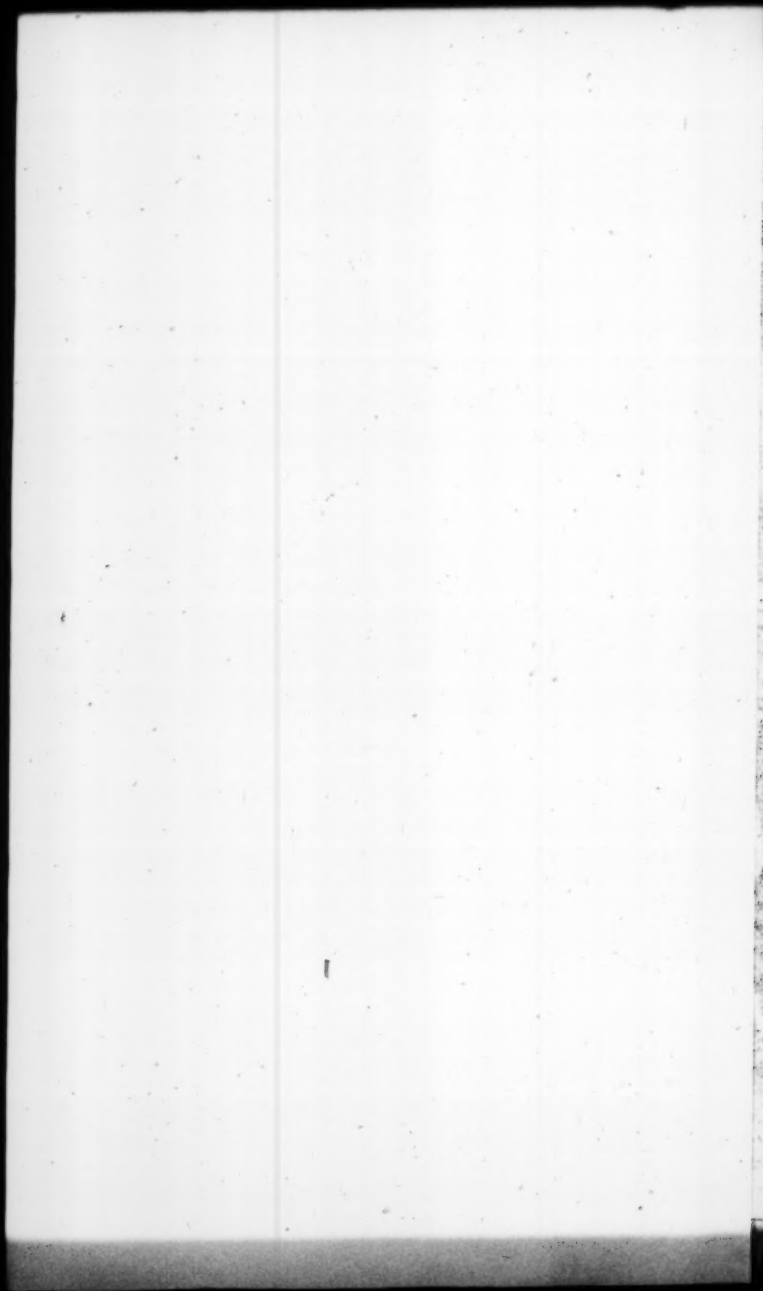
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T H E



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THE  
M I R R O U R  
WHICH  
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. I.



MAN, *Remember thou art Man*, never forget thy name, if thou wilt not forget thy safety : Thou *Homo ab humo* art called *Earth*, thou art made but of *Earth*; but the *Earth* subsists, and thou vanishest; but the earth remains firm, and thy dust flies away : Study thy miseries, meditate thy disasters. Thou *Man is a thing of nothing, only in appearance somewhat* art nothing in effect; but, if thou be any thing imaginable, I dare not so much as compare thee unto a Dream,

B

because

2 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

because the frailty of thy nature hath something both more feeble, and less constant : an Apparition hath above thee the simplicity of the Elements, whereof it is composed, a shadow impliyes yet the advantage of the Nobleness of its beginning, since the light produceth it. Nay lastly, a very

*One cannot give the description of Man, but by misery, nor of misery but by Man.*

straw, or an Atome, dispute against thee also with reason, for the purity of substance, since they are corruptible, without infection, but thy heap of filth gives horreur to thy own thoughts ; insomuch that I am constrained to match thee to thy Self, for to suggest thee the truth of thy slightness.

What a goodly School is the world ? and our condition a fair Book : and all the sad accidents, to which Nature subjects it, as so many gracious Lessons ?

May not a man justly say that the earth is a Colledge, wherein the diversity of Times and Ages, sign out the diversity of Classes, in which we may equally make the course both of our studies and dayes, under the way of those miseries, which accompany us without cease : the poorness of our way of birth, may stead us as a Rudiment in the first Class : the cryes and tears of

of the cradle, are our Grammar : the creeping weakness, and and pitiful infirmities of Boyage like so much Rhetorick : and now can there be a more subtil Philosophy, than that of the consideration of the calamities which are destined to youth ? Is it not easie to become a great Naturalist by vertue of meditating the fruitfulness of our nature in the production both of ills, and pains, which continually afflict us ? and what better Metaphysicks, than contemplations of our Being, ever rowling to its ruine ? Let us draw then the conclusion of this Argument, and joyn with as much reason as interest to these two Volumes so renowned, the Bible, and the face of Heaven, where all sorts of Sciences are in their source. *This* also of our mortal and decaying nature, since it instructs us the Art to pry our selves in our Corruptions, that we may recover our selves in immortality.

*Mishaps and pains  
are the fruits of the  
garden of our life.*

*He which goes out  
Dottor in the know-  
ledge of himself, is  
ignorant of nothing.*

*Death and immor-  
tality are only sepa-  
rated, but with the  
length of an In-  
stant.*

When I consider that the Earth was created of nothing, and Man

*Man of nothing.*

4 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

made of this nothing, and the greatnesſes which environ him, are nothing at all, and

*The world ſubſiſts not, but upon the foundation of its continual revolution.*

all the pleaſures which he idolatrize, are alſo of the ſame ſtuffe : I remain all conſuſed with aſtoniſhment, nor ever able to conceive the ſubject of his vanity, nor the reaſon of his arrogance : poor corrupted

*A Vapour.*

Vapour with advancing it ſelt, is ſoon transformed into a Cloud, to conceal its noiſomneſs,

*A man elevating himſelf too high, meaſures the depth of the Abyſſes of his Precipice.*

but yet, by way of this elevation, is reſolved into Lightnings and Thunder, and afterward retumbles into the ditches from

whence firſt it had its beginning. A puff of wind which rumbles in its

*A Blaſt.*

own violence, angry perhaps that it cannot ſubſiſt, but in flying; and that the action of its continual flight, is the beginning of its

*Smoak.*

ruine. A ſmoak, which with a vain-aſſault will needs ſcale the Heavens, and yet hardly can one well diſtinguiſh the interval between its firſt Being and Extinction : a poor glistering Worm which dazzles none but pur-blind ſpirits, and

and gives light to those worms, which devour it in private. A stream always murmuring, always drilling away. And now shall not all these goodly nullities, and all these pleasant *Chimera's* insinuate to us the vanity which they are of? shall these cozening appearances be establish'd here below with Sovereignty? be it then only in desire, or in dream; for with what gilded rind so ere they be out-sid'd, Corruption is their Form, and Dust their Matter.

I am astonished that Man should be capable to mistake himself, even to the point of forgetting what he was, then, when he yet was not: what he is now, whilst he enjoys the beauty of the day; and what he must one day be at the Sun-set of his life: Assuredly yes, I am astonished at it, since all created things may serve him for a *Mirrour* to contemplate therein, apparently, the verity of his miseries.

*A worm.*

*We are already, but rottenness. since already worms begin to devour us.*

*A stream.*

*Everything corrupt, the very eye which now reads these truths shall not be exempt.*

*Nature exhibits us so many Mirrours of Inconstancy, as she hath produc'd objects*

The Heavens, though whirling about  
B 3 with

## 6 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

with a Motion, alwayes equall in the same spaces of their carriere, do not cease to wax

*Since that Nature it self is mortal, this second cause ceasing, the ruine of these effects is infallible.*

old, and even their age represents to us naturally our decay. Though the Stars shine with a sparkling lustre, as clear as at the first Day of their creation, yet as they are attached within those circles of Ages, whose continual motion is limited, they approach by little and little to their last West: where their light must be extinct, and the pace of their course shews us the way of our life, since Time conducts us all together, though diversly, to our end. The Fire so greedy, that it devours it self, when finding no more fuel to nourish it; is it not a Mirrour of the Lamp of our life, whose kindled Wick goes out, when the Oyl of the Radical moysture fails it? The Air, which corrupts continually, is it not an Image of our corruption? and without doubt the Water's transparent body, represents us the fragility of ours; and its li-

*Every thing flees away from us, and in running after them, we run to death.*

quid crystalline, alwayes rolling away, makes us see in its gliding, our flitting nature. The earth could not have figured us better

than

than she doth; since we are to day of the same matter, and to morrow of the like form. What fairer Mirrour than that of Flowers, where we may see in one day the whole course of our life : for at Sun-rise the buds resemble our Infancy, at noon the same now full blown, our youth ; and at Dayes-end themselves now quite withered, our last age. I will not speak of all the other Species of creatures animate, how every one in its self, though living, is an Image of death. It sufficeth me to cherish this remembrance, and leave to you thereof the meditation.

*The world is a Nose-gay of Flowers, which by little and little wither all together.*

What shall I tell you of Fortune, of Honours, Riches, and all those glorious qualities of Valour, Beauty, and a thousand other besides, which vanish away with us ? This blind Goddess hath a Mirrour under her feet, whose round figure shews us at once, both her instability, and our inconstancy. As for greatness and riches ; the ashes of those which have possess'd them, are as so many fresh Crystals of a Mirrour, *which flatters not* ; wherein we may see the vanity both of their enjoyment,

*Fortune hath nothing more her own, than her Inconstancy.*

## 8 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

joyment, and of their possessors. Those  
*There is nothing im-* other qualities of fair and  
*mortal in Man but* valiant, are of the same  
*Vertue.* nature, as those sensitive

and vegetable souls, which die together  
 with the subject which they animate, with-  
 out leaving ordinarily so much as one small  
 memorial, for mark that they have had a  
 being otherwise : and in sequel to these  
 truths, can you find a truer *Mirrour*, than

*Man is the Mirrour  
 of Man, so that by  
 due contemplation  
 of one part, he may  
 save the whole.*

this of our selves, since e-  
 very part, (nay what say  
 I?) every action, and  
 every sigh is an animate  
 pourtraict of Death; Inso-  
 much that we draw the breath of so many  
 continue Gaspes, without ability of dis-  
 pose of one only Instant, to give interval to  
 this exercise.

How is it then possible that Man should  
 miss-know himself, having such faithful  
*Mirrors* before his eyes, where at all  
 times he may see apparently the Truth of

*All the objects of the  
 world bid us Adue,  
 while we but regard  
 them, since they are  
 alwayes fleeing a-  
 way.*

his Nature kneaded in  
 Corruption, formed by it,  
 and destroyed also by the  
 same? Strange thing! he  
 can see nothing in the  
 World, but Images of in-  
 constancy,

constancy, and yet will not apprehend his own Change : whatsoever shall smite upon his ear, will resound nothing but the bruit of his flight, and yet he will not think upon his retreat.

*To muse alwayes of Death, is the way of immortality.*

Lastly, his other Senses, and his fancy, shall have no other object but this of the continual vicissitude of all things, and yet he will remain firm and stable in his vanity, till death ruine its foundation. Thus in the deceitful opinion, wherein he is, of possessing all things, he loseth the possession of himself; and having too much dreamed on his pleasures, his Life is past as a dream without return. I must tell you one of my meditations.

I shall never be able to comprehend the meaning of those, who moan themselves against Fortune, the world and all the pleasures of this life. One forsooth will upbraid to this foolish Deity, her deceits, without considering that he deceived himself in giving Trust to a Goddess that ne're had any. He yet will accuse her to have conducted him still through craggy wayes, and over-spread with thorns, as if in following

*A man may will complain against Fortune, these vaine regrets exempt him not from the pain.*

10 *The Mirror which flatters not.*

one that is blind, a man should not hazard to run *this danger*.

Another will make ye fresh complaints against the World, detesting its sweets, cursing its charms, and calling it a thousand times, Deceitfull, but why? one would say to hear these

*The world may well be the instrument of our destruction, not the cause.*

plaints, that the world began but now to receive its birth, I mean, were but now newly created, that no man knows it yet, and that its first couzenages began but now to be discovered? What folly! Is not this to cheat ones self, to have commerce with a cheater? The world never yet bore any

*The number of those whom the world hath deceived, is so great, that they that still trust it, are now no more excusable.*

other name or title, why then aim we to nourish our selves with its delights, whose after-bitterness impoysons sensibly our souls? But if its charms

be powerful enough to tempt reason, they are yet too feeble to vanquish it, provided that the will consent not, so that a man remains convict of all the crimes, whereof he may be accused.

*The will is so free, that it cannot suffer violence, but from its self.*

What seeming ground then have we to be enraged against those pleasures which

*The Mirroure which flatters not.* I I

which we have received, if our selves only give them both being and form? the Fancies conceive these delights, and the will gives them birth, they are the works whereof our imaginations form the Species, and our desires make the Metamorphosis; changing them into objects palpable, and sensible, which are marks of the seal of our depravedness.

*Pleasures are the greatest enemies of life, for in casting flowers upon our heads, they fill our hearts with thorns.*

Let a man then abhor pleasures instead of accusing them, detest their vanity in lieu of complaining of deceitfulness. But if they be criminal, they only bear the stain of their Fathers; and if they be complices of our destruction, 'tis we give them Birth, to give us Death.

Let men cease to lament of Fortune, since the Mirroure of its flying scarf, and wings, do express to the life its lightness, and our folly.

*Fortune is still herself, he which trusts her, takes delight to be cheated.*

Let none argue any more, that the world is cause of our ruine, since we cannot chuse but tread every hour over the dust and ashes of those, who have too late repented to have followed it. As for voluptuousness, 'tis a vain *Idea*, to which our passions give a body,

12 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

a body, to make it serve as a sensible object of their brutality, insomuch that it can do nothing, but by our first motions, taking

Pleasure still takes its force from our voluntary weakness. 'Tis more than folly, when the folly of others, serves us not for our example. its vigour from our force, and its power from our Sovereignty, and this renders us doubly culpable, palliating our faults, instead of acknowledging them, since Laments, rather than Excuses, might absolve us them.

Is it not that St. *John Chrysostome* toucht with compassion of our miseries cries out in astonishment of our weakness: *O World, how many hast thou deceived!* but this is its trade and profession. *O Fortune, how many hast thou made to fall!* but even yet still, while I am speaking, she gives employment to her treason, and exercise to her Tyranny. *O Pleasures consistd in Sweets, and yet steeped in bitterness, how many have ye poisoned!* but yet their venome is so common, that the whole earth is infected with it. What remedy then, to all these ills? No other than this, to pry into ones self, in the MIR-

we can no better contemplate any thing, than in the Mirrour of our Nothing.

R O U R of his own ashes. A M I R R O U R alwayes hanging at the girdle, and which flatters not. A M I R-

R O U R

*The Mirrour which flatters not.* 13

**R O U R** whose glass, though more brittle, than one of Cryſtal, makes us yet to ſee that all the objects of the world are falſe, but that of our *Corruption*. A *Mirrour*, which represents us more lively in our pourtrait, than in our ſelves. A *Mirrour*, whoſe kind of ſhadow and *Chimera* makes us ſee in effect, that which we are in appearance.

*All the Mirrours of the World flatter, except this of our miſeries.*

A *Mirrour* all miraculous, which preſerves certain Species's of Nothing to render them ſenſible to our knowledge. A *Mirrour* all divine, which metamorphoſing our bodies into ſhadows, yet expreſſes us ſo naturally, that the moſt arrogant cannot miſtake themſelves. A *Mirrour* laſtly, which Nature hath charmed with its own proper ſpells, to the end, that viewing himſelf herein, a Man may be able to reſiſt the charms of the World's allurements.

I am greatly aſtoniſht at thoſe that preach, the knowledge of our ſelves, to be ſo troubleſome and difficult, ſince at all times, and in all places, of all ſides, and of all ſorts of faſhions, we are nothing at all; or if, by an exceſs of flattery and vanity, I borrow ſome names to expreſs truly what we are, it can be, no other, than thoſe of

Durt

14 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

*If a man would still study himself, he would become the wisest of the world.* Durt and Mire, whose noysomness takes away all doubt on it, from the most incredulous.

In what then consists this trouble of studying to know ones self, since the most ignorant may in this, go out Doctors in the school of our miseries: where lies the difficulty to arrive to this knowledge? when the very wind of our sighs carries away, every moment, some of that polluted dust, whereof we be made. Where is this pain, say I yet, since our senses and spirits can have no other object than this of Inconstancy, as unseparable to their nature, as it is proper to our condition? And what can be this difficulty, when we are capable of no action more, than to destroy our selves? We must break this rind farther.

I will believe that every one knows *from whence he comes, and whither he goes*, that his body is but a work of rottenness, and that the worms attend the prey thereof, as a nourishment which to them is destinated: but it is important to consider that these truths, though sensible, are ofteneft put in oblivion, and this

*Humility is a skillfull School-master, to teach us to know our selves.*

this default of memory denotes that of knowledge. *A man knows no more than he remembers.* He which museth upon his slightness, undervalueth (except God) all things; and vanity would never be able to surprise us, during the interim of this meditation. Man knows very well that he is mortal, but whilst he never thinks seriously of the necessity of dying, this knowledge is forgot, *The remembrance of Death makes us forget the vanities of Life.* though he dye without cease, and in losing the remembrance of his condition, loses the knowledge thereof.

*Remember that you are a Man,* said his Page every morning to Philip of Macedon. This great Monarch made himself to be rouzed every day from sleep, with *the news of Death*, fearing to be charmed with the *sweets of Life*. Greatnesses environ him on all parts, to make him forget his humility; but understand you not the delicate air, which he causes to be sung to the tune of his miseries: the Pomp and Magnificence of his riches dazle his eyes with their lustre, that he might never consider the *The way to pass our dayes contentedly, is to think every hour of the last.* *The remembrance of the poorness of death is a potent charm to resist the memory of greatness of Birth.* wretched-

wretchedness which is proper to him. But you see how he makes himself to be awaked with the noyse of this truth, ever to cherish its remembrance : *Sir, Remember that you are a Man*; oh how many Mysteries are comprised in these words ! Behold the allegory on't.

Great Kings, remember, you are subject to many more Miseries, than you have subjects in your Empire. *Great Monarchs, remember*, that of all the great extension of

*If we be different in manner of life, we are all equal in necessity of dying.* your Territories, there shall not remain you one only foot; to jealous are the worms of your glory.

*Great Princes, remember*, that your Scepters and your Crowns, are such feeble marks of greatness, that Fortune sports with them, Time mocks at them, and the Wind shall sweep away their dust : *Soveraign Judges of the Life of Men, remember*, that although you are above the Laws, *This* of Dying is inviolable.

The *Fable* is pretty, of the resolution, which the flowers and plants took to elect a King and Queen, and as the number of Voyces gave the election, the *Marigold* was declared to

*Cares and anxieties surpass in number the pleasures of Kings.*

be

be the King of the Flowers, and the *Bryar* Queen of Plants; and under this toy, lye hid serious Verities:

Is there any thing fairer in all the borders of the Garden of Nature, than the flower of the *Marigold*? Its golden Tincture of the colour of the Sun, at first view dazeleth so delightfully; that the eye amazedly gazing with admiration of its fresh-displayed beauty, can hardly retire its regards from an object so agreeable. But gather it, and dight it on you, and its scent produces a thousand dislikes in the Mind, for that one onely, which you hold in your hand: for hence of a suddain the humours become dull, and melancholly, having been annoyed with so fair a fulsomness.

Royalty is absolutely the same; the Scepters are as fresh flowers of *Marigold*, whose lustre and beauty equally ravishing, attract at first glance to their admiration the Soul by the eyes; but if a Man take them into his grasp, or deck his head with them, he shall find himself fill'd with anxious cares by this coverture. If you doubt of this, ask *Selenus*, he will answer, That the first moment

*If Crowns and Scepters were to be sold, wise men would never buy them.*

18 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

ment of his Reign, was the last of his quietness.

The Sweet bryar also bore away the Royalty; for who would not love it with its Rose? O how both together have powerful attractives, to tempt equally, both the heart to desire them, and the hand to pluck them? And 'tis in vain that Nature hath

*Thorns are the Roses of Kings gardens.*

given arms to the jealousy of its prickles, to serve for the defence of its flowers: since these sharps are as so many baits, which irritate us rather with Desire than Fear. All the world insert it in their Nosegayes; but the prickles remain, the Rose withers.

Say we then also, that Royalty is a fair Sweet-bryar, accompanied with its Roses; I mean many contentments of the same nature. Both together have great charms to affect us both with love and desire, but the

*Great miseries are destined to great fortunes.*

*The felicity of Kings hath much more lustre, than reality.*

Bryars of the Crown remain, the Rose of delights withers. O how ponderous is the load of this greatness? And if you believe not me, enquire hereof of the puissant King Mithridates, he will often reiterate

not.

*The Mirrour which flatters not.* 19

s quiet

reiterate to you, *That he never sigh'd, but for the ponderous burden of his Crowns.*

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**SIR, REMEMBER YOU ARE A MAN.**

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But what is there here to pride in? May it be of the greatness of his Dominions? This is but an alien good, which admits not to be possess'd but by vanity, *Kings may trouble themselves to conquer the earth, it still triumphs over them.* since its honours and pleasures have nothing else but meer impropriety. To be an amply landed-man, is to have miry soyl to sell, and small profit to make thence.

*Sir, Remember you are a Man.* What may be his ambition? may it be to conquer the whole world, what will he do with it after conquest; since it is a ball of snow, which Time melts by little and little, tumbling it without cessation.

*Sir, Remember you are a Man.* What might be his designs? *He which makes himself to be adored, is rather for to be Deaths Victim, than to be idolatrized.* Should he pretend to Altars, and Temples, what Oblations can be made to a Victime, whom Death holds continually at a bay? Can Incense be offered to a dunghill, or an Idol made of a sink? the very thought shocks common sense.

*Sir,*

Sir, Remember that you are a Man. What can he do with his absolute power? A lit-

*Man is so miserable, that I am amazed, he pities not himself.*

tle stone makes him stumble; a straw can blind him; a shadow, an *Atome*, a thing of nothing are capable to reduce him to nothing at all. And is not this an object of pity, rather than of envy? Great Kings, these are truths too important for you, to lose their remembrance.

Well, you may out-brave the heavens with a bristling eye-brow: the only imagination of its thunder-claps holds you already in alarm. Boldly may you tread upon the earth with a disdainful foot; the same whereof you are made, shall shortly be so trodden, when the worms are glutted with it. Remember that you are a Man,

*I have said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. Job. 17. 14.*

falls away without cease.

*The head that wears the Crown, wears away with it.*

and that all the objects of riches and honours which environ you, are of the same Nature as you are. You are dying every moment, and every thing

When I represent to mind your heads, diadem'd with a rich Crown,

I conceive

I conceive it a little point infirm'd and closed in a circumference, whose lines abutt at the centre of corruption; lines of magnificence, which terminate at the point of wretchedness.

If I consider you with Scepter in hand, methinks I see a simple shrub, planted upon worse earth: the shrub dries up, and is reduced to dust, the ground remains that it was before.

*Scepters and the hand which hold them, are equally perishable.*

Let me contemplate you seated upon your Thrones, deckt with your richest ornaments, my imagination shews me a Jupiter in picture, holding the thunder in his hand; for you are so weak for all your absolute power, that if you presume hardly to raise your head, but to look upon the Sun, your eyes will water at the same time, to expiate with your tears, the time of your arrogance.

*A strange thing that the clarity should blind us, though it be the principal of the view.*

*Great Kings, Remember then, that you are not Great, but in miseries. Sovereign Monarchs, Remember, that your Empiredom is but a servitude, since you are subject to all the disasters of your subjects. Powerfull Princes, one gust of wind defies to the struggle*

22 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

gle your absolute power. *Sacred Majesties*,  
I salute you to day by this name; but to  
morrow I will change  
*All the attributes of* terms, and call you *Skele-*  
*worldly glory ac-* tons and carcaffes, to the  
*company us but to* end that in speaking this  
*the grave.* truth all the world may know you, I will  
change my tone.

How ingenious are the Poets in their fan-  
cies? They recount us, how that Incon-  
stancy being banisht from heaven, descend-  
ed upon earth, with design to have her pi-  
cture drawn, and, upon the refuse that  
Painters made of it, she addrest her self to  
Time, who after he had considered her in  
all her diversities, made  
*Man serves for a* use at last of the visage of  
*shuttle cock to all* Man for the finishing  
*things, since all* cloath; wherein having  
*things concur to his* represented her to the life,  
*ruine.* all the world took her for Man himself,  
since in effect 'tis but one and the same  
thing. O fair truth discovered by a fable!

He then that now would see the Image  
of Inconstancy, let him  
*Man is Inconstancy* consider the Life-touches  
*it self, rather than* and lineaments of it, upon  
*its pourtrait.* his own visage. Our fore-  
head which wrinkles every moment, is it  
not

not the very same as hers? Our eyes, which by continual use every hour, do already require spectacles, are they not as hers? Our cheeks which now chap-fall are in nothing different from hers. In fine, our visages are the only **MIRROURS WHICH FLATTER NOT.**

But what shall we answer notwithstanding to the objection of this truth, that, that which we see of **MAN**, is not the **MAN**. If his visage, like a false Horologe index false, this our pourtraict of Inconstancy is merely imaginary.

*Though a Man hides himself under the vayle of hypocrisie, his defects alwayes break through.*

But is there any thing more inconstant than the spirit of man? 'tis a weather-cock for all winds, behold again the first draughts of the visage of Inconstancy: must we not of necessity compare his changing humour to hers, if a man would exhibit thereof but one example; and these are yet new lineaments, which represent us this levity. In fine, his thoughts, his desires, and all the passions of his mind, are but objects of vicissitude, capable of all sorts of impressions: so

*The spirit of Man is much more changing, than his body: for this changes only in growing old, but that grows o'd only in changing.*

that

that in the perfection of the portraiture of man, Inconstancy is found perfectly depainted. Let us proceed.

*Vertue only can render us invulnerable.*

*A vertuous Man fears nothing.*

us of one *Achilles*, immortal in all the parts of his body save only his heel.

Great Kings; I will, if you please, take you for *Achilles's*, and will give out, Ye are like him, invulnerable, but only in the heel. But of what temper soever your Arms be, to

*Every Man would be immortal, but none takes pain to acquire immortality.*

what purpose serve they you with this defect? This only blot dusks the lustre of your glory. Nature has done surely well, to prodigalize upon you thus, both her graces and favours; she hath immortaliz'd you but by halves. All your apparences are divine, but something within spoiles all; each particular is a Heel, by which Death may surprize you.

Shall I say then that you are *Achilles's*? Who will believe me, since your heads serve but as Buts to the shafts of Fortune? To preach you invulnerable, a small scratch may

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may thereon give me the  
lye, Truth more power-  
full than flattery constrains  
me to call you by your  
name, for in remembran-  
cing you that you are but  
you to the life all the dyflatters, which ac-  
company your life.

*It is onely the con-  
science of a just man  
is of proof, against  
the stroak of Time  
and Fortune.*

Thou hast much to do, to make Panegy-  
ricks in praise of man, O  
*Mercury Trismegistus*, and  
to maintain so confident-  
ly, that he is a great mi-  
racle; it must be then a  
miracle of misery, since Nature produceth  
nothing so miserable as he is.

*Man is so poor a  
thing, that one can-  
not give him a name  
but is advantageous  
to him.*

And thou, *Pythagoras*, which hast had the  
forehead to perswade us, that man was a  
mortal God; if thou hadst made anatomy  
of his carkass, the stench of his filth had  
soon made thee change this language. *Plato*,  
thou reason'st well upon this subject, yet  
without sound consideration, then when  
with an enforcement of spirit and elo-  
quence, thou wouldst ob-  
lige us to believe, that man  
is of the race of the gods;  
yes surely, since thy gods  
are gods of earth, the cause

*There is no tongue in  
Nature which can  
furnish us with  
terms strong enough  
to express the misfe-  
ries of Man.*

26 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

is matcht to the effect, for man is of the same matter. *Plotinus*, thou also didst not miss it, when in favour of man, thou saidst he was an abridgement of the wonders of the world, for since all its wonders heretofore so famous, are no more but dust and ashes, man may hereof be the example, with good reason.

O how much more expert is *David* in the knowledge of our condition, when he compares man, not only to the dust, but to the dust which flies away, to show us, that, that little which he is, still flies away, till it be nothing in the end.

But how glad am I, O Lord, that I am  
Memento ô homo but dust, to the end that I  
quod nihil es, & may fly towards heaven,  
in nihilum rever- for the earth I undervalue.  
teris.

How am I satisfied that I  
am but *Ashes*, that I may but be able to  
keep in my soul some little sparkle of thy  
love. What glory, and what contentment  
too, is it to be devoured by worms, since  
thou callest thy self a *Worm*? Gnaw, O  
Ego sum vermis, Lord, gnaw both my heart  
& non homo. and entrails. I offer thee  
Psal. 22. 6. them in prey, and regive  
me new ones, that may  
offend thee no more. I know well that my  
life

life flits away by little and little, but how agreeable is this flight unto me, since thou art its object. I see well that my *Dates* slide away, and pass in continual course : But O what Consolation is it, to be sensible of dying at all hours, for to live eternally ! O Verities ! again, what ravishments have you to console the souls of the most afflicted ? I return to my subject.

We read of the Priests of the Gentiles, that they writ letters every year to their gods, upon the Ashes of the Sacrifices, which they made up-

*Humility is ever  
honoured by all the  
world.*

on the top of Mount *Olympus*, and I believe that this was upon design, that they might thus be better received, being written upon this paper of humility. Let us fetch now some truth from this fancy. Let us write every day to heaven upon the paper of our Ashes, confessing that we are nothing else, and let us make our sighs the faithful messengers of these Letters, as the only witnesses of our hearts. I

*All the parts of the  
body are as so many  
Characters of dust  
wherein may be read  
the truth of our No-  
thingness.*

will hide my self under the *Ashes*, O Lord, to the end that thy Justice may not see me, said *David*. What Curtain's this ? This So-

28 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

veraign Justice which makes it bright day in hell, cannot pierce the *Ashes* to find underneath a Sinner. No, no, for the vail has the virtue to reflect the beams of this revenging light within the source, which produced them.

*Seest thou how Ahab  
humbleth himself?  
I will not bring the  
evil in his dayes,  
1 Kings 21. 29.*

*Recordare quæso  
quod sicut argil-  
lam fecisti me &  
in pulverem re-  
duces me. Job 10.  
9.*

of the pitiful estate whereunto he is reduced. Why should you take Arms against me O Lord, (pursues he) when the breath of your word is able to undo the same, which it hath made me?

*Humility triumphs  
over all things.*

benign influence of your divine regards permits me to be; for on the instant that you shall cease to regard me, I shall cease to live.

Remember that I am nothing, O Lord, and that thou hast made me of nothing, and every moment canst reduce me to something; cries out *Job*, in his miseries. He finds no other invention to appease the mild choler of his God, than putting him in mind of his infinite Greatness, and at the same time

*Remember, O Remember,  
that I am but what the*

Deck we then with Ashes our body of  
dust, and let us cover with  
a new earth our own, to  
make Rampires of proof  
against the thunders of  
heaven. See you not how  
its all-powerful Justice,  
finds limitation in the  
confession of our being

*Man, remember thy  
beginning, for thou  
art not made of Fire  
like the Stars, nor  
of Ayre like the  
winds, but of mire:  
from whence it is,  
thou soyl'st all the  
world.*

nothing. We need fear nothing, acknow-  
ledging that we are nothing. Well may  
the Thunder make a horrid rumbling, yet  
the Hyssop out-braves it  
in its lowliness. Fear and  
humility, ever abandon  
each others company. The  
only means to triumph  
over all things, is to vanquish Ambition.

*He which can over-  
come himself, shall  
never be vanquish't  
by a greater Cap-  
tain.*

O Lord, I durst scarce believe, that I am,  
if thy providence alone were not the prop  
of my being. But since thy goodness hath  
drawn me from the abyss of Nothing; let  
thy grace cause me alwayes to keep the re-  
membrance of my original. Before Time  
was, I was Nothing; now Time is, I am  
yet Nothing. But what happiness is it to  
be Nothing at all, since thou art All-things?  
for if I search my self in vain in my self, is it  
not sufficient that I am found in thee? I

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will then forget even mine own name, and muse of nothing, but of the *Chimera* of my being, since as a *Chimera* it passeth away and vanisheth. The only Con-

*What a joy is it to pass away continually with all things, towards him that hath created all things.*

folation, that remains me in my passage, is, that thou alone remainest firm and stable; so that without end thou art the end

of my carriere, and without bounds limitest the extent of my course, as the only object, both of my rest and felicity. See me now upon return.

With what an ever to be adored lustre, appears the love of God in his day, in the

*Heaven changes the sighs of the Earth into tears, I man its vapours into dew.*

work of Man? Would not one say, that it seems he made him of earth, that he might strow thereon

the seeds both of his blessings and graces! O fortunate Earth, which being diligently cultured, may bring forth the fruits of eternal happiness!

*Since we are of Earth, let us suffer this divine Sun of Love, to exhale the vapours of our sighs for so metamorphose them into the tears of Repentance.*

Boast thy self O Man, to be Nothing but Earth, since the heaven bedews the Earth continually. But if with a provoked eye, it lancheth out sometimes its

its thunders upon it, her self doth afford hereof the matter. *Live alwayes Innocent, and thou shalt not know what 'tis to fear.* Imploy thy self without cease, to measure the depth of the abyffe of thy nothingness; and though thou never pierce to the bottom hereof, thy pains shall not be unprofitable; because, seeking thy self in thy baseness, thou shalt alwayes recover thy self again much greater than thou art.

The *Sun*, this fair Planet of the *Day*, which with a continual aspect, contemplates all created things, cannot make reflection of his beams to see himself; as if his mother Nature had apprehended in making him so glorious, that the Mirrour of his light, might not be metamorphosed into a fire of love, to render him amorous of his own proper lustre.

But the *Intellect*, this *Sun* of our *Souls*, has a faculty, with which it can both contemplate out of it self all things, and repeal again the same power to consider it self; which makes a man capable, not only of the meditation of the mi-

*We are all amorous of our selves, not knowing for what; for our defects are objects rather of hate, than Love.*

*A man cannot stumble ordinarily, but through perverseness; since reason enlightens him in the very worst wayes.*

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series of the World, but also of that of the afflictions and troubles, which inseparably keeps him company to the grave.

We read of Moses, that God commanded

*\* The Laver which was before the Tabernacle, Exo. 38.8.*

him to frame the \* fore-front of the Tabernacle all of Mirrours; to the end,

that those that should present themselves before his Altar, might view themselves in this posture of Prayer. O this excellent Mystery! Mortals, it behoves you to view your selves in the *Mirrour* of your Affes, if you would have your vows heard.

God hath taught us an excellent way of Prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread.* But

*There is nothing assured in Life, but its continual Death.*

why O Lord, teachest thou us not to ask thee our bread for to *morrow*, as well as for to day? O how

good a reason is there hereof? This is, because that life hath no assurance of to *morrow*; besides that, it is an excess of grace, that we may be bold to crave of him the bread of our nourishment for all a whole day, since every moment may be that of our Death. Reader, let this verity serve thee yet as a *Mirrour*, if thou would'st have thy prayers to pierce the heavens. This is  
not

not all, to know thy body is a Colours of filth, which is trail'd along from one place to another, as it were by the last struggle of a Life alwayes languishing. It be-  
*It is not sufficient to muse on the necessity of dying, but to confidet also that every hour may be our last.*

hoves thee also to call to mind, that every instant may terminate the course of thy troublesome carriere; and that this sudden retreat, constrains thee to bid Adieu for ever to all the things of the world, which thou cherishedst most: *Thoughts only worthy of a noble spirit!*

*I have eaten Ashes as bread,* sayes the Roy-  
all Prophet; but how is it possible? I conceive his thought. He entertained his soul with the remem-  
*Psal. 102. 9. Cinerem tanquam panem manducabam.*

brance of the Ashes of his body, and this truth alone serv'd as an object to his imagination, for to satisfie the appetite of his Soul. Lord, give me both the same relish and desire, to repast my self still thus, of dust and ashes, in remem-  
*A man to abase himself below that which he is, being so poor a thing as No-thing.*

brancing my self alwayes, that I am nothing else. O sweet remembrance of my rottenness, since it steads me for eternal nourishment of my

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Soul! O precious memory of my Nothingness, since able to satisfie the appetite of my heart! Let this be *the daily bread*, O Lord, which thou hast taught me to ask thee, to the end, that all my desires together might be satiated with this dear nourishment. I recollect my self in this digression.

Having diverse times mused of the imbecillity and weakness of  
*Si vitrei essemus, minus casus time-remus. S. Aug.* *Man*, I am constrain'd to cry out with St. *Augustine*, What is there that can be

more frail in Nature? If we were of Glass. (pursues he,) our condition might therein be better; for a Glass carefully preserv'd, may last a long time: and yet what pain soever *man* takes to preserve himself, and under what shelter soever he shrowds himself, for covert to the storm, he breaks and is shattered of himself.

What reply you to these verities, *Great Princes*? Well may you now be arrogant; The fragility of glass cannot admit of comparison, with this of your nature; what feat will you give to your greatness? and what foundation to

*Man is fully miserable, since his life is the source of his miseries.*

your

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your vanity? when the wind alone of your sighs, may shipwrack you upon the Sea of your own proper tears? what surnames will you take upon you, for to make you be *mistaken*? That of *Immortal* would become you ill, since every part of your body, serves but as a *Butt* to the shafts of *Death*. *Invincible*, would also be no way proper; since upon the least touch of mis-hap, you are more worthy of pity, than capable of defence. *A man may do every thing with virtue, without it nothing.* Would you be called *Gods*? your Idolaters would immolate you to their own laughter. Tread under foot your Crowns, if rightly you will be crowned with them, you only thus render your selves worthy of those honours, which you misprize: for Glory consists *Heaven cannot be acquired, but by the misprize of earth.* not in the possessing it, but in the meriting; and the only means to obtain it, is to pretend nothing at all to it.

How remarkable is the custome of the *Locriums* at the Coronation of their Kings: they burnt before them a handful of Tow; to represent unto them the instability of their *Grandeurs*, and the greediness of Time to destroy them. In effect, all the greatnesses

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nesses of the Earth, are but as a bundlet of

*All the grandeur of  
Kings is but as the  
blaze of flaming  
Tow.*

Tow ; and then when Darius would make of them his treasure, Mis-hap set fire on them, and reduced them into Cinders, and when he had yet in his heart a desire to immortalize them, a new fire seiz'd his entrails by the heat of thirst, which burn'd him, to the end to consume at once, both the cause, and the effect. So true it is, that the Glory of the world vanisheth away like *Smoke*. Great Kings, if you would build a Throne of Majesty to the proof, both against Time and Fortune, lay its foundation upon that of your Miseries. *Humi-*

*lity takes her rise in lowliness, from the lowest footing, when she makes her flight into the heavens.*

flight into the heavens.

O how admirable is the *Humility* of Saint *John Baptist* ! They would give him titles of Sovereignty, in taking him for the *Messias* : but call to your memory, how, with an ejaculation of Love and Reverence, he precipitates himself both with heart and thought into the Abyss of his own Nothingness, there to admire in all humility, both Greatness and Majesty in his Throne.

*I am*

*I am but a Voyce*, sayes he,  
which beats at the ears, Vox clamantis in  
deserto, Joh. 1. 23.  
to enter into your hearts.

*A Voyce*, which rustles in a moment, and  
passes away at the same instant; *What Hu-  
mility!* Is there any thing which is less any  
thing than a *Voyce*? 'Tis a puff of wind,  
which a fresh one carries I know not where,  
since both lose themselves in the air, after  
its never so little agitation, with their gen-  
tle violence. 'Tis nothing  
in effect, yet notwithstanding, the proper name of

Christus verbum;  
Johannes vox.

this great Prophet. They John 1. 27.  
would elevate him, and he abaseth himself  
so low, that he would render himself invi-  
sible as a *Voyce*; so much  
he fears to be taken for  
Him, *whose shoo-latchet he*  
*judgeth himself unworthy to*  
*unloose.*

A Man is to be  
estimated in pro-  
portion to the un-  
dervalue he makes  
of himself.

Lord, what are we also, but a little wind  
enclosed in a handfull of Earth? To what  
can one compare us without attributing us  
too much vanity? True it is, that we are  
the works of thy hands, but all other crea-  
ted things bear the same Title, but if thy  
bounty hath been willing to advantage our  
nature with many graces, proper and or-  
dinated.

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minated to it alone, these are so many witnesses which convince us, not to have deserved them, since our very Ingratitude is yet a recognizing of this Truth. Insomuch, that as our Life is nothing but sin, and sin is

*The most just man  
sinneeth seven times  
in a day.*

a meer privation, it may be maintained that we are nothing else, and consequently nothing at all.

But how proud am I, *O Lord*, every time I think thou hast created me of Earth? for this is a Principle, which draws we always to it self by a right of propriety; from whence I cannot defend my self; *All things*

*What is it for a man  
to triumph here, of  
the world? the  
earth expects the  
spoyl.*

*seek their repose in their element.* O how happy am I, to search mine in that of *Dust* and *Ashes*, whereof thou hast formed me?

The *Earth* demands my *Earth*; and my body, as a little gullet, separated from its source, speeds by little and little, to the same source, from whence it had its beginning. And this is that which impeaches me from gathering up my self, to take a higher flight. I should do bravely, to hoysse my self above my Centre, when the assay of my

*Pride hoyses up, only  
to give us a fall.*

Vanity, and the violence of my fall, are but the same

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same thing. I give still downwards upon the side of my weaknesse, and the weight of my miseries over-bears upon the arrogance of my Ambition. O happy defect, and yet more happy the condition, which holds me always enchained to the dunghill of my Original; since the links of this easie servitude, are so many *Mirroures* which represent me that I am nothing, whensoever I imagine my self to be something. Let us change our Tone, without changing Subject.

*A man no doubt may mis-know himself, yet the least of his mis-haps tears the vail of his hood-winkness.*

*Ladies, Remember that you die every hour; behold, here a MIRROR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.* It shews you both what you are, and such as you shall be. But if notwithstanding, you still admire your selves under another visage, full of allurements, and sweets; This is but *Death* himself, who hides him under these fair appearances, to the end, you may not discern him. It is true, you have graceful tresses of hair which cover your heads, and his is all bald: but do not you heed, how he pulls them off from yours by little and little

*A strange thing that Death is still as near us, as life, and yet we never think on it.*

every

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every day, and makes those which he leaves you, to turn white, to the end you may pull them out your selves?

It is true, your *Eyes* have a sparkling lustre, and beauty; but of his is seen only the hideous place, where Nature had seated them: But *Time and Death are the only inexorables.* do you not consider, how with continual action, he dusks the glory of this beauty; and, in conclusion, puts to Eclipse these imaginary Petty-Suns.

It is true, your hue is of Lillies, and your mouth of Roses, upon his face is seen only the stubs of these flowers: but call to mind, that he blasts this Lilly-teint, as well as Lillies themselves; and that the vermillion of this Rosie-month lasts but as Roses; and if yet you differ to day from him in something, you may resemble him to morrow in all. I leave you to meditate of these truths.

*Man is a true mirrour*, which represents to the natural all things, which are oppos'd unto-it. If you turn it downward to the

*Man is as one picture with two faces, and often the most natural is falsest.* Earth, we can see within nothing but objects of Dust and Askes: but if you turn him to the Heavensward, there is to be admired in it beauties, and graces, purely celestial.

*Th*  
*lestia*  
*mor*  
*one f*  
*he is*  
*form*  
*stroy*  
*indee*  
*of w*  
*filled*  
*and*  
*of it.*  
*med*  
*Mirr*  
*thero*  
*talit*  
*vera*  
*voun*  
*The*  
*Star*  
*by r*  
*ver*  
*caul*  
*M*  
*with*  
*Phil*  
*dra*  
*out*  
*nar*  
*s*

lestial. In effect, if we consider *Man* in his mortal and perishable condition, hardly can one find any stay in this consideration; since he is nothing else but a *Chimera*, whose form every moment by little and little destroys, to reduce to its first nothing. And indeed, not to lie to ye, *Man* is but a puff of wind, since he lives by nothing else, is filled with nothing else, and dies only by Privation of it. But if you turn the

*Man is nothing in himself, yet comprehends all things.*

medal (I would say, the *Mirrour*) of his Soul towards his Creator, there are seen nothing but gifts of Immortality, but graces of a Sovereign bounty, but favours of an absolute will. The Heavens and the

*What though man be made of earth; he is more divine than mortal.*

Stars appear in this Crystalline *mirrour*, not by reflection of the object, but by a divine vertue proceeding from the Nature of his cause; Let us to the End.

Methinks, *this Page* returns again to day within the Chamber of *Philip* of *Macedon*, and drawing the curtain, cries out according to his ordinary custome,

*The slumber of vanities is a mortall malady to the soul.*

*Sir, Awake, and remember that you are a Man:*

*Man* : but why rouzes he him to think of *Death*, since sleep is its image? *Alexander* knew himself mortal by his sleeping; and in effect those which have said, that sleep was the Brother of *Death*, have drawn their reason of it, from their reciprocal resemblance. *Awake then great Kings*; Not to ponder that you are mortal, your sleep is a trance of this, but rather that you are created for immortality. *Remember you are Men*. I will not say, subject to all the miseries of

*A man should not forget his heavenly beginning, having heaven for a daily object.*

the *Earth*; but rather capable of all the felicities of heaven. *Remember, that you are Men*; I will not say the shuttle-cock of

*Time*, and the Butt to all the shafts of *Fortune*, but rather victors over ages, and all sorts of miseries. *Remember that you are men*. I will not say any more, conceiv'd in *Corruption*, brought forth by it, and also destroyed by it: But rather, I say, *born for the glory of God*, *Living* for to acquire it, and *Dying* for to possess it.

*If a Man should consider his worth by that which he cost, he would love himself perfectly.*

*Remember that you are men*, I will say no more slaves of *Sin*, the *Flesh*, and the *World*: but rather free for

resistance to the first, strong enough to vanquish

think of the next, and more powerful yet to  
 exander give a Law to the third. Remember that you  
 are men, I will no more say the pourtrait  
 of Inconstancy, the object  
 of every sort of ill, and  
 the pasture of Worms:  
 But rather, the Image of  
 God, the subject of every  
 sort of good, and the sole  
 aliment of eternity, as created for it alone.

*A man may do every good thing which he desires, since in his impuissance his will is taken for the deed.*

Remember that you are men, I will not say,  
 made of clay, animated  
 with mis-hap, and metamorphosed a new into  
 rottenness; but rather  
 made by the proper hand of God, animated  
 by his bounty, and redeemed by his Grace.

*Man is sure a thing something divine, which is not seen even to it self.*

I wonder at this, that they should call  
 Man a little world, since the least of his  
 thoughts is able to sign out its expansion  
 beyond a thousand worlds. True it is,  
 that he was made of  
 Earth; but the Master  
 which hath made him,  
 having also drawn him-  
 self in the middle of his work (as did *Phidias*) renders him, more admirable than the  
 Heavens. One might also judge at first  
 view, that the greatest part of the creatures  
 have

*Though he be made of clay; the workmanship is yet all divine.*

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have many more Prerogatives than he. But contrarily the Heavens, the Stars, and that nature hath most precious, have in no sort correspondence or equivalence to his Grandeurs : let us see the proof on't.

I grant that the Sea may make us admire equally, both its vastness of Empire, and efficacy of power : the least tear of repentance which a Man sheds is a thousand times more admirable, since it remounts even to the source of that grace, which produced it, and consequently beyond the Heavens. I grant that the Air fills all, and its

*The heart of man is so vast and spacious, that God only can fill it.*

immense nature permits no vacuity, through the whole universe. The heart of man carries him far higher, being never able to find satisfaction in its desires, if its Creators self, though without measure, be not its measure. Let the fire, alwayes greedy and ambitious, scale the Heavens in apparence with continual action by the vain attempts of its ejacula-

*A Man who loves God with all his heart, lives upon earth in the same fashion, as they live in heaven.*

tions; The least sparkle of the fire of divine love wherewith man may be enflamed is so pure and so noble, that one cannot conceive an example of its

is perfection. Suppose the transparent heavens have no other matter, than that of form, and they render themselves thus wonderful in their simplicity, as in their course still equal, and still continual; the spirit of man is infinitely more excellent in its nature, and much more noble also in its actions, since it works without self-motion, but with a manner so divine, that its thoughts carry it every where without change of state or place. Be it that the Sun, all marvellous in himself, and his effects, produceth nothing but wonders. The Sun of reason, wherewith man is illuminated, is wholly miraculous, since it operates in a divine sem- blable manner: the virtue of other creatures vegetable, and sensitive is inseparably djoyned also to the body of man, as its material: Insomuch, that he contains, in a degree of eminence above all the creatures of the world, more perfections himself alone, than all they together have ever possessed. And I shall well say more yet; that Man hath certain puissances of disposition to elevate himself so high in his humility, that the

*The Reason of Man is a ray, beaming from the Sun of Divinity.*

*Man hath some titles of Nobility, to which the very Angels themselves cannot pretend.*

the Angels shall be below him.

But if I shall yet moreover poize Man, in the ballance of the Cross of his Saviour, and set him at the price of the blood, wherewith he was redeemed; Which of the creatures, or rather, which of the Angels will be so bold, to dispute the preheminence?

*Great Kings, Remember then, that you are Men:* but more admirable in your Govern-

*A man makes himself above all things, if he under-value them with misprize.* ments, than the Sea in its vastness. Remember, that you are Men; but also capable to purifie the Air,

by one only sigh, though even that sigh be made of nothing else. Remember, that you are men, but a thousand, thousand times yet more noble than the Fire, since the Seraphins burn incessantly with those divine Fires, wherewith your hearts may be enflamed. Remember, that you are men; but

*Man is an Abridgement rather of the marvell's of heaven, than of the miracles of earth.* more perfect than the Heavens, since they were not created, but to pour upon your heads their benign influences. Remember, that you are men; but more marvellous without comparison, than the Sun; since

your

your Reason is a divine light, which can never suffer Eclipse, but by opposition from a voluntary depravedness. Remember, that you are men; but also destin'd to command over all other living creatures. Remember, that you are men; but also kneaded as it were, by the hand of one All-powerful; formed after his Image, and redeemed by his blood, what can one say more?

Unto what a point of Glory hast thou then elevated me, O sweet Saviour? in abasing thyself even to the grave. After thou hadst formed me of earth, thou hast also taken the same form for to resemble me in all

*If a Man did often muse of the ends, for which he was created, he would therein set up his rest from all the iniquities of the world.*

things. Thou I say, O my God, whose infinite greatness cannot admit only the very admiration of the Seraphins, but through the traverse of the vail, of their ordinary submissions. What prodigy of bounty is this! Cause me then, O Lord, if it please thee, that I may estimate my self at the price which thou hast ransomed me for, and that in such sort, that I may live no more, but in loving thee, to die also one day of the same disposition. Let me be humbly-bungly, carrying the lineaments of thy resemblance,

semblance, that I may alwayes follow thee, though not able to imitate thee. This is that, which I will continually implore thee for, until thou hast heard my vows.

I ad vow now, *O Mercury Trismegistus*, that thou hast reason to publish, that *man is a great miracle*, since God himself hath been willing to espouse his condition, to shew us, in its miseries, the miracles of his Love.

I confess, *Pythagoras*, that thou hast had no less ground to maintain that *man was a mortal God*, since except this sweet necessity, which subjects him to the Tomb, he has a thousand qualities in him all immortal. I should, finally, have been of advice with thee *Plato* then, when thou preachedst, every where, that Man was of the race of the gods, since a

*All the creatures are admirable, as the effects of a sovereign and independent cause: but man has attributes of an unparalleled glory.*

piece of work so rare, and so perfect, could not proceed but from a hand Omnipotent, I mean this Rivulet of admiration could not proceed but from a source most adorable. I am of thy opinion, *Plotinus*, and henceforth will

will maintain every where with thee, that *man* is an abridgement of the wonders of the world : Since that all the Universe together was created but for his *service and pleasure*. Say we yet moreover, that those *wonders of the world*, so renowned, are but the *The eight wonders of the world.* works of his hands ; so that also the actions of his spirit in Divine Contemplation can take their Rise above the Sun, and beyond the heavens, and this too now in the chains of its servitude.

*Great Kings*, be it supposed that you are living pourtraiets of Inconstancy : The perfection of your Nature lies in this defect of your powers, for this Vicissitude, which God hath rendred inseparable to your condition, is a pure grace of his bounty since you wax old only, that you may be exempted from the tyranny of ages : since (I say) you die every moment, only to make acquisition of that immortality, to which his love has destin'd you.

*O happy Inconstancy !* If in changing without cease, we approach the point of our sovereign felicity, whose foundations are immoveable. *O dear Vicissitude !* if

D rowling

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*This defect of inconstancy is the perfection of man ; since he is changeable to day, to be no more so to morrow.*

*A man is only happy in the perpetual inconstancy of his condition.*

rowing without interval in the dust of our original, we approach by little and little, to those Ages of glory, which beyond all time assign at our End, the beginning of a better Career. O Glorious Death, since terminated at that cruel instant, which separates us from Immortality.

It is true, I confess it again, *Great Kings*, that you are subject to all the sad accidents of your subjects ; But what happiness is it,

*The greatest misery that can arrive to a Man, is to offend God.* if these misfortunes are as so many several wayes, which conduct you into the Port. Be it granted,

that you are nothing but Corruption in your birth, Misery in your Life, and a fresh infection in your Death : All these truths are as so many attributes of honour to you, since you disrobe your selves in the grave of all your noysomness, for to deck your selves with the ornaments of Grace, of Felicity and Glory, which belongs in proper to your souls, as being created for the possession of all these Good Things.

Who can be able to dimension the greatness

ness of *Man* ; since He who hath neither bounds nor limits would himself be the *circumference* of it ? Would you have some knowledge of *Mans* power ? hear the commandment which *Joshua* made to the Sun, to stop in the midlt of his carreer. Would you have witnesses of his strength ? *Samson* presents you all the *Philistins* buried together under the ruines of the Temple, whose foundations he made to totter. Require you some assurances of his courage ? *Job* offers you as many as he has sores upon his body. In fine, desire you some proofs of his happiness ? Heaven hath fewer of Stars, than of felicities to give him. What name then shall we attribute him now, that may be capable to comprehend all his glory ? There is no other than *this* of *Man* ; and *Pilate* did very worthily (no doubt) to turn it into mockage before the Jews ; he shews them a God under the visage of a *Man*. Let the world also expose the miseries of *Man* in publick ; His Image of Earth is yet animated with a divine spirit, which can never

*Heaven, Earth, Nature, the very Devils, are admirers of the greatness of Man.*

*Man may be whatsoever he will be.*

John 19. 5. Ecce homo. Behold the *Man*.

*The name Man is now much more noble than that of Angels.*

*With what new rinds soever a man be covered, he bears still in his forehead the marks of his Creator.*

That *Man* I say, fickle and inconstant, kneaded and shap'd from dirt, with the water of his own tears may resolve into the same matter : But this stable and constant *Man*, created by an omnipotent hand, remains unceffantly the same, as incapable of alteration.

Rouze then your selves from sleep, great

*He that would alwayes muse of Eternity, would without doubt, acquire its glory.*

*Princes* ; not for to remember *Death*, but rather to represent unto your selves that you are immortal, since *Death* hath no kind of Dominion over your Souls. which make the greatest, as being the Noblest, part of you.

*Awake* then great *Monarchs* ; not for to muse of this necessity, which draws you every hour to the tomb, but rather to consider,

change Nature. Well may they tear his bark, the *Inmate* of it is of proof against the strokes of Fortune, as well as the gripes of *Death*. The *Man* of Earth may turn into Earth ; but the *Man* of Heaven takes his flight alwayes into Heaven.

der, that you may exempt your selves from it, if your Actions be but as sacred as your Majesties.

Great PRINCES, awake, and permit me once more to remembrance You, that you are Men, I mean the Master-piece of the works of God; since this divine work-Master hath in conclusion metamorphosed himself into his own work. My feathered pen can fly no higher.

Those which have propounded that Man was a New World, have found out proportionable relations, and great correspondencies of the one

to the other; for the *Earth* is found in the matter whereof he is formed, the *Water* in his tears, the *Air* in his sighs, the *Fire* in his Love, the *Sun* in his reason, and the *Heavens* in his Imaginations. But the *Earth* sublists and he vanisheth: O sweet vanishment! since he is lost in himself, that he may be found in his Creator. But the *Earth* remains firm, and his dust flies away: O happy flight, since eternity is its aim! The *Water*, though it fleets away, yet returns the same way, and retorts upon its own paces:

*Man is a hidden treasure, whose worth God onely knows.*

*Man onely is the ornament of the world.*

But man contrarily being settled upon the declining stoop of his ruine, rouls insensibly without interval to the grave, his prison. O dear

*Man may be said to be happy in being subject to all mis-  
haps.*

ruine! O sweet captivity! since the soui recovers her freedom, and this Sepulture serves but as a Furnace to purifie his

*Death is a grace rather than a pain.*

body. The *Air*, although it corrupt, is not for all that destroyed, the corruption of man destroys its material. O glorious destruction, since it steads him as a fresh disposition to render him immortal. The *Fire*, though it fairly devour all things, is yet preserved still it self, to reduce all the world into ashes: But Man perceives himself to be devoured by Time, without ability ever to resist it. O beneficial Impotence, since he finds his Triumph in his Overthrow! The Sun causeth alwayes admiration in its ordinary lustre, but Mans reason is impaired in the course of Times. O wel-

*The felicity of Man in this world consists in the necessity of death.*

come impairment, since Time ruines it but only in an Anger, knowing that it goes about to establish its Empire, beyond both Time and Ages. In fine, the Heavens may seem to wax old in their wandering course:

course : they yet appear the same still every day, as they were a thousand years ago : Man from moment to moment differs from himself, and every Instant disrobes him somewhat of his Being. O delightfull Inconstancy ! since all his changes make but so many lines, which abutt at the Centre of his stability.

How mysterious is the Fable of *Narcissus* ; The Poets would perswade us, that He became self-enamoured, viewing Himself in a Fountain. But I am astonished, how one should become amorous of a dunghill, though covered with Snow or Flowers. A face cannot be formed without *Eyes*, *Nose*, and *Mouth*, and yet every of these parts make but a body of Misery, and Corruption, as being all full of it.

This Fable intimates us the representation of a fairer truth, since it invites a man to gaze himself in the Fountain of his tears, thus to become amorous of himself, not for the lineaments of dust and ashes, whereof his countenance is shap'd ; but rather of

*How happy is Man in decaying evermore, since he thus at last renders himself exempt from all the miseries which pursue him.*

*A long life is a heavy burthen to the Soul, since it must render an account of all its moments.*

*If a man could contemplate the beauties of his soul in innocence, he would always be surprized with its love.*

*If a man would often view himself in the tears of his repentance, he would soon become a true self-lover.*

those beauties and graces, wherewith his soul is ornamented, and all these together make but a rivulet, which leads him to the admiration of that source from whence they took their original.

Oh how *David* was a wise *Narcissus*! then when he made of his Tears a *Mirrour*, so to become en-

amour'd of himself, for he was so self-loving in his repentance, that in *this* he spent both days and nights, with unparallel'd delights.

But if *Narcissus* ship-wrack'd himself in the fountain of his self-fondness; *This great King* was upon point to abyss himself in the Sea of his tears: for their liquid Crystalline shew'd him to himself so beautiful, that he burned with desire thus to drown himself.

*Ladies*, view your selves in this *Mirrour*, since you are ordinarily slaves to your own self-love. You will be fair at what price soever; see here is the means. The Cry-

Itall

*The Mirrour which flatters not.* 57

shall *Mirrour* of your tears *flatter not*; contemplate therein the beauty of this grace, which God hath given you, to bewail your vanities. This is the only ornament which can render you admirable. All those deceitful Crystals, which you wear hang'd at your Girdles, shew you but fained beauties; whereof Art is the work-mistris and cause, rather than your visages: Would ye be Idolaters of the Earth which you tread on? your bodies are but of dirt; but if you will have them endeared, where shall I find terms to express their Noyssomness? Leave to *Death* his Conquest, and to the *Worms* their heritage; and search your selves in that original of Immortality, from whence your souls proceed, that your actions may correspond to the Nobleness of that Cause. This is the most profitable counsel which I can give you. It is time to end this Chapter.

*Tears are the faith-  
fullest Mirrours of  
penitents.*

*If Ladies would  
take as much care of  
their souls as of  
their bodies, they  
would not hazard  
the loss both of one  
and the other.*

Great Kings, I serve you this Morning instead of a Page to awake You, and remembrance You that you are men: I mean, Subjects to *Death*, and consequently destinated

58 *The Mirror which flatters not.*

to serve as a Prey to the *Worms*, a shittle-

*The meditation of our nothingness is a sovereign remedy against vanity.* cock to the Winds, and matter for to form an object of horreur and astonishment to you altogether.

Muse a little, that your life passeth away as a *Dream*; think a little that your thoughts are vain; consider at the same

*Men are so near of blood together, that all bear the same name.* time, that all that is yours passes and flies away. You are great, but this necessity of dying, equals you

to the least of your subjects. Your powers are dreadful, but a very hand-worm mocks at them: your riches are without number, but the most wretched of men carry as much into the grave as you. In fine, may all the pleasures of Life make a party in Yours, yet they are but so many Roses, whose prickles only remain to you at the instant of *Death*.

The horreur which environs You, chaseth

*Man hath nothing so proper to him, as the misery to which he is born.* away your greatness, the weakness which possesseth you, renders unprofitable your absolute powers;

and only then in that shirt, which rests upon your back, are comprised all the treasures of your Coffers. Are not these verities of importance enough to break your sleep?

I awake

I awake you then for to remembrance  
you this last time, *that you*  
*are men* : but destined to  
possess the place of those  
evil Angels, whose pride  
concaved the Abysses of Hell : That you are  
Men, but much more considerable for the  
government of your Reason, than your  
Kingdom. *That you are men*, but capable  
to acquire all the felicities of Heaven, if those  
of the Earth are by you disdained. *That*  
*you are men* ; but called to the inheritance  
of an Eternal Glory, if you have no pretence  
to any of this world.

*If the earth be our  
Mother, heaven, is  
our father.*

Lastly, *that you are men* : but the living  
images of an infinite and omnipotent One.  
Clear streams of immor-  
tality remount then to  
your eternal source ; Fair  
rayes of a Sun without  
Eclipse, rejoyne your selves  
then to the body of his ce-  
lestial light. Perfect pat-  
terns of the divinity, unite  
your selves then to it, as to the independent  
cause of your Being. Well may the Earth  
quake under your feet, your Wills are keys  
to the gates of its abysses : should the Wa-  
ter or'e-whelm again all, your hopes can-  
not.

*Though the body and  
soul together make  
up the man, there is  
yet as much diffe-  
rence between the  
one and the other,  
as between the scab-  
berd and the sword.*

60 *The Mirrour which flatters not.*

*Although the puif-  
sances of the foul,  
work not but by the  
senses, the effects in  
this point are more  
noble than the cause.*

*Man needs fear no-  
thing, being eleva-  
ted above all.*

*Man could not be  
more happy than he  
is, since God is his  
last felicity.*

*To die is proper to  
Man.*

not be shipwrack'd. That the Air fills all things, may be; but your expectations admit of some *vacuum*. Though the Fire devour all things; the object of your hopes is above its flames. Let the heavens pour down in a throng, their malignant influences here below: your souls are under covert from their assaults. Let the *Sun* exhaling vapours make there- of thunders for your ruine: you are under the protection of him who ejaculates their flashes; inso- much, that instead of hurting you, all things do you homage. The *Earth* supports you; the *Water* refresheth you; the *Air* imbreaths you; the *Fire* warms you; the *Sun* lights you, and Heaven attends you; the *Angels* honour you, the *Devils* fear you, *Nature* obeys you, and God himself gives himself to you to oblige you to the like reciprocation. Is not this to possess with advancement all the felicities which you can hope? I dare you to wish more.

Awake

*The Mirrour which flatters not. 61*

Awake thy self then *Reader*, and let thy conscience and thy misery, each in its turn serve thee, as a *Page* every morning, to put thee in mind, *That thou art a Man*, I mean a pourtraict animated with *Death*, rather than with *Life*, since thou canst do nothing but die. But in this continual dying, amid the throng of *evils* and *pains* which are enjoyned to thy condition; Consider also that thou art created to possess an *Eternity* both of life and happiness, and that all these infinite good things are exposed as an aim of honour and glory to the addresses of thy will; for if thou wilt, *Paradise* shall be thine, though *Hell* gape at thee; *Heaven* shall be thy share, its delights thy succession, and God alone thy *Sovereign Felicity*.

*How happy is man,  
thus to be able to be  
as much as he de-  
sires.*

A

## P R O L U S I V E

*Upon the EMBLEME  
of the second Chapter.*

**S**Well on, unbounded Spirits, whose vast hope  
Scorns the strait limits of all moderate scope.  
Be crescent still, fix not i'th' *Positive*,  
Grasp still at more, reach the *Superlative*;  
And beyond that too, and beyond the Moon;  
Yet all's but vain, and you shall find too soon  
These great Acquisits are bubbles for a spurt,  
And *Death* will leave you nothing but your *Shirt*.  
Be *Richest*, *Greatest*, *Powerfullest*, and split  
Fame's Trumpet with the blast on't, there is it,  
That's all, a *Coffin*, and a *Sheet*, and then,  
You're dead, and buried like to Common Men;  
This *Saladine* fore-saw, and wisely stoops  
Unto his *Fate*, 'midst his triumphant troops,  
A world of wealth, and *Asiatick* spoyles,  
Guerdon his glorious military toyles,  
Ensigns, and Banners shade his armies eyes  
With flying Colours of fled enemies:  
Yet humbly he doth his chief Standard rear,  
Only his *Shirt* display'd upon a Spear.  
Mean while his valorous Colonels were clad  
In rich Coat-armours, which they forced had

From

*The Mirrour which flatters not.* 63

From subdu'd foes, and't seem'd a glorious thing,  
Each man to be apparel'd like a *King*.

The very common Souldiers out-side spoke  
*Commander* now, and did respect provoke.

Their former ornaments were cast aside,  
Which 'fore the victory were all their pride.

To check their Pomp, with clang'ing trumpet  
sound,

A *Herald* loud proclaims in Tone profound:

See what the *Emperour* doth present your eye,

'Tis all, that you must look for, when you dye.

This *Shirt* is all even *Saladine* shall have

Of all his *Trophies* with him to the grave.

Then be not over-heightned with the splendour

Of your rich brav'ries, which you so much tender;

Nor let your honours puff you, lest you find

The breath of Fame jade ye with broken wind.

This solemn passage of this *Monarch*-story

With greatest Lustre doth advance his Glory.



THE  
M I R R O U R  
WHICH  
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. II.

**A**Rrogant Spirits, ambitious Hearts,  
be silent, and lend an ear to the  
publick cry of this Herald, who,  
with a voice animated  
with horror and affright,  
as well as with compas-  
sion and truth, proclaim-  
eth aloud, in the view of  
Heaven and Earth, and in the presence of a  
world of people : That, this *Great SALADINE*, Magnificent Conquerour of  
Asia,

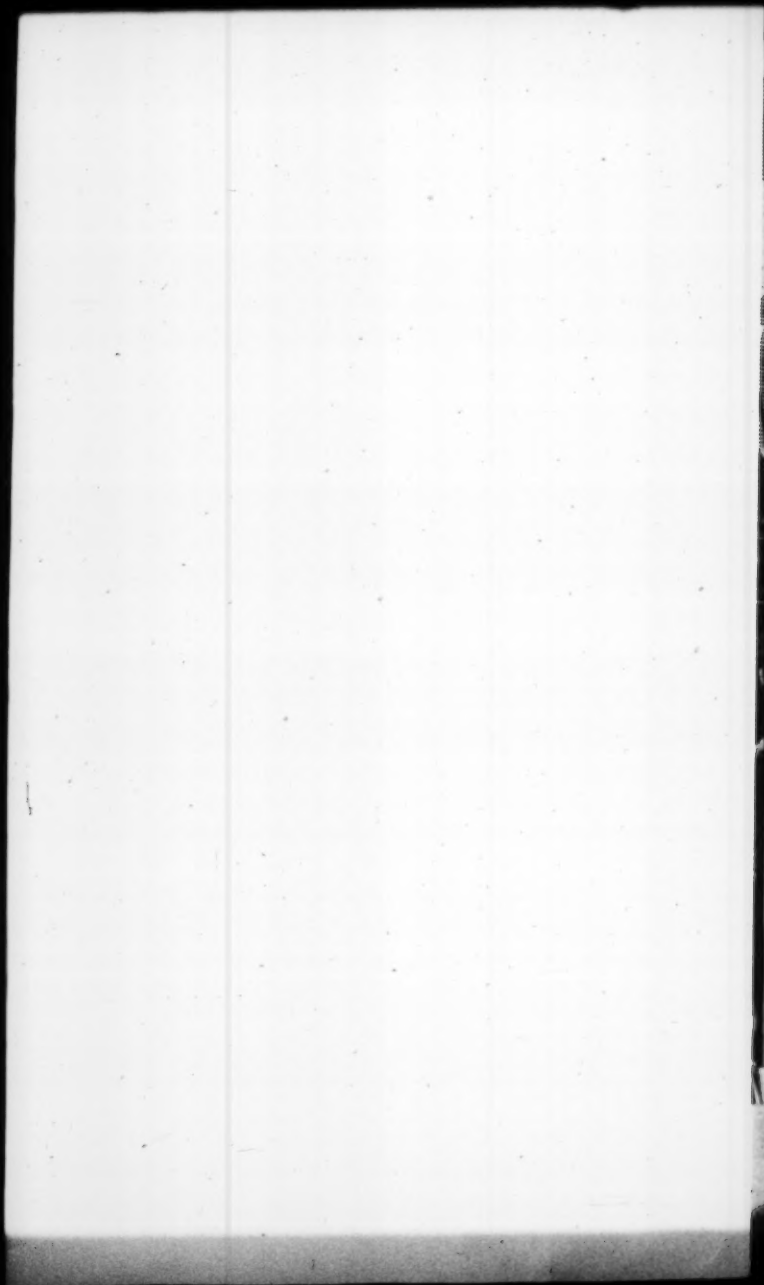
*The Horror and  
misery of the grave,  
makes the hair stand  
on end to the proud-  
est spirit.*



THIS CHART W  
THIRD CHART  
AT THE END O

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ART WILL BE THE  
HART APPEARING  
END OF THIS FILM.



*The Mirrour which flatters not.* 65

Asia, and Monarch of the whole East, carries away to the grave for fruit of his victories, but only a shirt, which covers the mould of his body, and even this scarp of linnen too, Fortune leaves him, but to give the worms.

*Absolute Kings, puissant Sovereigns, what will you reply to these discourses, for to you they are addrest? I doubt well, that shame, confusion and astonishment, bar your speech, and that this sensible object of your proper miseries, affects you so with truth, to force from your bosomes a thousand sighs.*

*This necessity of dying, serves for temperament to the vanity of the greatest Monarchs of the World.*

The greatest Monarch of the Earth becomes at a clap so little, as not to be found, no, not in his miseries; for the wind begins already to carry away the dust whereof he was formed. The powerfulest King of the world is reduc'd to such a point of weakness, that he cannot resist the worms, after vanquishment and subjugation of entire Nations. The richest Prince of the East, takes a glory of all his treasures, to carry away but only a shirt to his Sepulchre. What can you answer to these verities?

This famous *Saladine*, the terrour of men, the valour of the earth, and the wonder of the world, esteems himself so happy, and  
so

so advantaged by fortune, in respect she leaves him this old ragg to cover his corruption, that he makes this

*Man cannot complain of the world, since at his death he gives him a shirt, which at his birth, his mother-Nature refused him.*

favour to be published with sound of Trumpet in the midst of his Army, that none might be in doubt on't: What beyond this can be your preten-

sions? I grant, you may be seated like Xerxes, upon a Throne all of massie gold, canopied with a glistering firmament of precious stones; and that on what side soever you turn your menacing regards, you see nothing but objects humbled before your Royall Majesties. You never seat your selves upon these Thrones of Magnificence, but as it were to take leave of the assembly, continuing still to give your last God-bwyes,

*All the speeches of Men are but discourses of adieu and leave taking, since every day he marches straight forward toward Death.*

like a man who is upon point to depart continually, since he dies every moment. Insomuch, that all this Pomp which accompanies you, and which gives shadow to the lustre

wherewith you are environed, vanishes away with you; and all those who are its admirers, and idolaters, run the same fortune, being of the same nature.

Be

Be it from me granted, that the report of your glory admits no vacuity, no more than the air does, and that your name is as well known as the Sun, and more redoubted than the Thunder : This voyce of renown is but as the sound of a Bell, which redoubles a noyse to its own detriment, to advertise those that doubt on it ; and this name so famous, and dreadful, finding no memory here below to the proof of ages, buries it self at last, in the nothingness of its beginning.

Be it again, that all the Gold of the *Indies* can be valued but to a part of your Estate, and that all the world together, possess less treasure than you alone ; what advantage think you to bear away, more than the most miserable of the world, that in this you should be vain ? Enjoyes not he the same Sun which lights you ? hath not he the same usage of the Elements, whereof you make use ? But if you have more than he, a gloriousness of apparel, and a thousand other superfluous things (which are altogether estranged to vertue, as being imaginary

*To what purpose doth the renown of a Man make a noise in the world ? the noise ceaseth, the renown passeth.*

*The tranquillity of the mind and the health of body, are the only riches of the world.*

nary

nary goods, whose appearance alone is the only foundation) he may answer you with *Seneca*, that with whatsoever coverture a *man* hides the *shame of his nakedness*, he shall pass for well-clothed among wise men. And to come to the point; a *man* hath alwayes enough wherewith to follow his way, and to finish his voyage. The surplus is but a burden of cares, which are metamorphosed into so many bryars, when Death would discharge us of them. Besides, Riches consist but in opinion, though their treasures

*He is the most rich,  
who is most content.*

be palpable and sensible. A man is Rich, equall to that which he believes himself to be. And though

he hath nothing, this grace wherewith he is treasured to find rest in his miseries, is above all the Gold of the world.

What difference think you there is betwixt the Rich and the Poor? Both the one and the other, are equally pilgrims and travellers, and go alike to the same place. Then, if the Rich pass through the fairer way, they re-encounter when they dye, all the thornes of those roses which they have past upon. There is no arrival to the *Haven* of the grave, without being *tempested* sooner or later, in the storm of those miseries,

ries, which accompany us.  
And methinks it is a comfort, to suffer in good time those evils, which we cannot avoid.

*All mortals together  
make a dance of  
blind men, who in  
dancing run to  
death without seeing  
the way they pass.*

Rich ones, how miserable do I hold you, if the goods of the earth be your onely treasures! Rich ones, how unhappy are you, if your felicities be but of Gold, and Silver! Rich ones, how you compel my pity of your greatnesse, if you have no other Titles than those of your Lordships!

*The treasure of good  
works only enriches  
us eternally.*

Rich ones, how frightful only at the hour of Death are your names, since the misery, wherein you are born, accompanies you in the sepulchre.

True it is, that the Air of the region where you dwell, may be very temperate, the seasons of it fair, and the lands fertile: but you consider not, that while you live, you often sigh back the air which you receive; that this sweet time, which smiles on you, entertains you in flying to the season of tears, and that very soon the dunghill of your bodies shall perhaps render the lands yet more fertile.

The Rich Men of the world have done

*The content of riches  
is like an odorife-  
rous fume; but it  
passes, and so doth  
their enjoyment also,  
and there is all.*

nought but past away with  
the ages, that gave them  
birth : you are born in  
this, and this very same  
goes away, and leads you  
with it, and all the rest of

Men, without skilling what you are, or in  
what fashion you are vested : well may you  
possess an infinite number of treasures ; you  
must alwayes trot, and rise as soon in the  
morning as others : But if you play the  
slugs, and sleep too long, Death comes in

*It is strange, whe-  
ther we shift place  
and seat or no, we  
yet run incessantly  
to Death.*

the end to awake you, and  
interrupt your repose with  
an eternal disquiet. What  
will you say to this ? The  
fable of *Midas* compre-

hends in it important verities ; *Apollo* grants  
him all that he demands, he satiates the ap-  
petite of his unmeasurable ambition by the  
vertue which he gives to his touch, to be  
able to turn all things into gold. See him  
now rich for a day, his hands are as new  
Philosophers stones, which make the gros-  
est, and most impure metals, change both  
nature and price, he sees himself enround-  
ed in a moment with so great a number of  
treasures, that he begins to apprehend the  
enjoyment

not.

*The Mirrour which flatters not.* 71

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enjoyment of those goods, which he desired with so much passion; and from fear he comes to astonishment: then, when prest with hunger, all the Viands which he touches with his hands, lips, or tongue, are metamorphosed into Gold. O inseparable amazement, from a mortal grief, caused by a semblable regret, that he could not limit his ambition, but to the desire of his own ruine!

*To what purpose is it to be environed with riches? they are a strange kind of good, whereof one can enjoy the usage but for a moment only.*

*Rich Men*, you are as so many *Midasses*, since with all your treasures, you never importune heaven for any other thing, but to increase their number; to which effect you destinate your cares, your watchings and your labours. But make no more imploring vows; behold your selves at last heard. The glistering of your riches dazles me: your greatnesse, and magnificences give you chearful tincture; yet let us see the reverse of the Medal.

After your so many strong wishes for Gold and Silver, their treasure remains to you for to satiate, at least in dying, the unrul'd appetite of the ambition of your life. Riches, I say, environ you on all sides, after  
your

your so passionate covetize of them. But in

*The covetous grows poor in measure as he grows rich, since in increasing his treasures, he encreases the famine of his insatiable avarice, and thus of what he possesseth, he enjoys nothing.*

*A Man carries away nothing with him at his death, but either a regret, or else a satisfaction, of an evil or a good life.*

this last instant, their possession is the saddest object, which can be presented to your thoughts. And notwithstanding 'tis the onely nourishment which rests to you, amid the hunger which torments you uncessantly; as if for punishment of part of your crimes, heaven did permit, that the instruments of your pleasure should also be the same of your punishments; considering the greatncs of your miseries, by that of your unprofitable treasures: for after all you must die, and though you carry with you this desire, to bear away with you your riches into the tomb, they remain in your Coffers, for to serve as witnesses to your heirs of the vanity of their enjoyment.

The Silk-worms, which have so much trouble to spin out of their mouths their little golden threads, think to stablsh to themselves a shelter of honour, to the proof of all sorts of atteints, and on the contrary,

ry, they warp the web of their own ruine. Just so, is it with the Rich ones of the world, who by an ingenious industry, imploy all their assayes, to lay solid foundations here below of an immortal life, and yet all their actions cannot but terminate in an end contrary to their designs; since they search Eternity in the circles of Ages, alwayes in revolution, and repose in the perpetual instability of all worldly things. In-  
somuch, that they trouble themselves to suffer much; and all their cares and pains are but as fresh sowings of \* *Marigolds*, which dying in their gardens, respring in their hearts, there to die never. Behold the end of their journey-work!

*To what effect is it to seek repose in this world? it is never to be found but in God.*

\* *See the ambiguity of the French word Soucies, in the first Chapter.*

*Treasures*, to what effect serve you me, if I must enter all naked into the grave? *Pleasures*, what becomes of your sweets, if my last sighs are but bitterness? *Grandeurs* of this life, in what stead you me, if you cannot exempt me from the miseries of death?

L O R D, I am rich enough, in that I serve for an object of pity to thy adorable Providence, whose o're-liberal bounty furnishes

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miseth me for all my dayes nourishment enough to pass them. What can I wish more? on what side soever, I take my way to go the course of Death, I can never lose from

*Heaven is an object of consolation to the most miserable.*

view the Heavens, which are the *Gates of thy Palace*. Inſomuch, as if any thing fail me, I have but to ſtrike there with my regards. Thou art alwayes upon a ready watch, to ſuccour the miſerable. Supply me then, *O LORD*, if it pleaſe thee, with thy ordinary charities, and ſince that hope dyes after me, I will rather ceaſe to be, than to hope in thee. Theſe are the ſtrongest reſolutions of my ſoul.

We read of the children of *Iſrael*, that having received of God an infinity of riches, at their coming out of the red Sea; by the wrack of their enemies, they made of their Treasures, Idols, and joyning in this ſort Idolatry to Ingratitude, they erected Altars to their brutality, ſince under relief of a brute beaſt, they repreſented their God.

But leave we there the children of *Iſrael*, and ſpeak of the Fathers of *BABYLON*,

I mean

I mean those wicked rich ones of the *world*, to whom *God* hath done so great favours, in heaping them with so many goods. Are not they every day convicted of *Idolatry*, in their unacknowledgement, since the *Coffers* of their treasures are the *Idols* of their *Temples*? More beasts than brutes, in their voluntary depravedness; they offer incense to their brutish passions; and no other-wise able, but to erect them secret *Altars* in their souls, they there sacrifice every hour a thousand sighs to an unsatiable ambition. Inasmuch, that the *God of Heaven* is the *God* of their dissimulation, and the *Calf of Gold*, the *God* of their belief, and opinion.

Say we then boldly, that the objects of our passions are *Golden Calves* to us, since our hearts become their *Idolaters*. One here will sigh for love of honours, as well as for his *Mistress*, with design to hazard a thousand lives, and as many souls, for the conquest of their vain felicities: and see here his idolatry, making his *God* of these *Chimeras* of honour, which vanish away like a *Dream*, at the rousing up of our reason.

*Are we worthily Christians, when idolatry is more familiar to us than to infidels, since we make idols of all the objects of our passions?*

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Another there, will lose quite and clean,  
*What folly is it to seek repose in the world, which subsists only in revolution?* all the peace wherein he is, a quiet life, for to set up a rest purely imaginary in the amazement of treasures. And if Heaven hear-

ing his votes, with design to punish him, gives some favourable success to his cares, and watchings, he becomes an Idolater now indeed, an Idolater of those goods, which as yet he adored but in hope, and renders himself miserable, for having desired too ardently felicities, which only bear the voyce to be so, but their usage and possession may prove as dangerous upon the earth, as Rocks within the Sea.

*The goods of the earth are right evils, and at Death each one shall so experiment them.*

One will have his heart wounded, and his Soul tainted with a new trick of ambition, and as all his desires and thoughts are terminated to the objects of his designs, he is never in health, while the feaver of his passion is continual. I leave you to consider of what ratiocination he can be capable, during the malady of his spirit. All sorts of wayes seem equally fair unto him, for to guide him unto the port whither he aspires, having no other aim but this to acquire, at what

what rate soever, that *good* whereof he is in Quest; and of this *Good*, it is whereof he makes his *Idol*, after a shameful immolation of the best days of his Life, to the anxieties of his possession.

Another, will establish his repose in the turmoyle of the *world*, turning his spirit to all winds, to be under covert from the tempests of fortune. Blind as he is, he follows this *Goddes* with the hoodwinkt eyes. Wavering as he is, he aspires but after the favours of this inconstant Deity, of which he is secretly an idolater: but if perchance she elevate him very high, there is then more hazard of his fall; the laws of this necessity are inviolable, and one cannot avoid the rigour of them, if not avoiding their servitude. Insomuch, that after he hath sneak't himself a long time amongst the *Grandeurs* of the Earth, he finds himself enlabyrinthed in the miseries, wherein he is born, without possessing any thing in propriety, but the usance of a puff of wind, which enters once again at last into his entrals, to force thence the last sigh. And thus he becomes the *Victim* of the Idol of his passions, without purifying nevertheless from the sacrifice of his life the soyl of those offerings, which he hath made upon the al-

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tars of *Vanity*. Behold the sad issue of this Dedalean labyrinth, wherein so many of the world take pleasure to intricate themselves.

O how Rich is he, LORD, who hath thy love and fear for his treasure! O how happy is he, who hath for object of felicity the contempt of these things of the world! O how Contented is he, who thinks always of eternal delights! To have many riches for a hundred years, is not this to possess at the end of that term a *Good*, which is as good, as never to have been? Taste greedily the sweets of every sort of prosperity, during the raign of a *long life*; is it not ready to die by little and little for grief to

*A wicked rich Man is much astonisht at his Death, to have his conscience void of good works, and his Coffers full of money, since with all the gold of the world, he cannot purchase the grace of the last repentance.*

abandon them? since in flying away, they intrain us into the grave. To pant continually for joy in the presence of a thousand pleasures, is it not to prepare in ones breast, the matter of as many griefs? since every contentment is a disposition to a kind of martyr-

martyrdom, by the necessary and infallible privation of its sweets, whereof while we taste on't, it menaceth us. In fine, to have all things at will, is it not to possess vain businesses, since the world has nothing else to offer us? The riches which Fortune gives and takes away again when she will, can never enrich a Man: it behooves him to seek his *treasure* in the mines of his *conscience*, so to be under covert from sin; for otherwise he runs the same hazard, as of the goods which he possesses, I mean in their decay, to lose himself with them. The prosperities of the earth, are once more fresh flowers of the garden, fair to the eye, and of good scent; but 'tis to much purpose to gather them, and make nose-gayes; in holding them one holds nothing, because their fragility renders them so slippery, that they 'scape both from our eyes and hands, and though their flight be slow, one day only is all their durance. The *pleasures* of the *world* are of the same nature: I grant they may have some *agreeableness* to charm our senses, yet 'twere too vain to vaunt of their possession, though one enjoys them, for so much as they *slip* away, and *vanish* without cease from our eyes, like the *alwayes* flitting *water-trills*. Their sway hath

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So short limits, that each moment may be the term on't. *Solid contentments* are only found in *Heaven*, and the only means to relish them beyond all sweets, is continually to muse on them, for having alwayes our spirit arrested upon meditation of an object so delicious, our thoughts draw thence by their vertue this efficacy, to ravish us with joy. *I return to my first proposition;*

*The arrival of pleasures announces us alwayes their speedy departure.*

That the greatest Monarch of the world, after possession of all things to his wish, and having led a thousand times Fortune her self in triumph, upon the territories of his Empire, should in conclusion be exposed all naked in his Shirt, at the end of his career, to serve for a prey to the worm, and a shittle-cock to the winds. *Certes*, a man must needs be very insensible, not to be toucht with affright at these truths.

*The good or ill which we do, accompanies us to the grave.*

*Great Kings*, if you have not other Mines of *Gold* more precious than those of the *India's*; you shall die as poor as you were born : and as tears were

*The misprizal of riches, is the onely treasure of life.*

*The Mirrour which flatters not.* 81

were the first witnesses of your *miser*y, sighs shall be the last of your *po*verty, carrying with you this *regret* into the grave, to have possessed all things, and now to find your selves in estate of enjoying nothing.

*Great Kings*, if you have no other marks of Sovereignty, but this of the large extent of your territories, the tribute which your subjects shall render you at the end of the *journal*, shall be very little, since the long spaces of your *Empire* shall be bounded with *seven foot*.

*If we would acquire Heaven, we ought to have no pretence to Earth.*

*Great Kings*, if you have no other treasures than those of the rent of your *Demeans*, all those goods are false, and the regret of their privation too true. But if you doubt of this yet, consult the dumb oracle of the *Ashes* of your *Ancestors*, and the Truth will answer for them, that they never have had any thing more proper to them than *miser*y, nothing more sensible than disasters, and that with all the riches which they have enjoyed during life, they have not been able to procure at the hour of *Death*, more than that piece of *linnen*, wherein they are *inve*loped.

*The rents of vertues Demeans are not subject to fortune.*

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*Great Kings*, if you have no other Philosopher-stone but this, The

*True valour hath no other object, but the conquest of eternal things.*

conquest which your valour may make, all your greatness, and all your riches, shall be inclosed in

the *Coffins*, wherein you shall be *buried*. For, all that Fortune shall give you *to day*, death shall take from you *to morrow*; and the day after, one may count you in the rank of the most miserable. I will again change tone.

What a contagious *malady*, in this age wherein we are, is this *passion* of *amassing* treasures! All the *world* would be rich, as if *Paradise* were bought with *ready money*, and that the commerce of our

*If one knew the perill of being rich, he would onely be in love with poverty.*

safety were a publick *Bank*, where the most covetous render themselves the most happy. Every one

makes bravado of his acquists, and poyzeth his felicities to the ballance of his riches, being never able to be otherwise content, but in reference to the measure of what he is estated in.

There one will assume a pride to have ten thousand Acres of *wood*, whose revenue nourisheth his *passions*, and entertains his *pleasures*. Inso much, that he considers not that

that these trees are laden but with the fruit of these world-miseries; and of all together he shall bear away but the branch of one onely, which shall serve very soon for a Bier to his carcase. See in what consists the profit of his rents, after their account made!

Another will be rich only in *Meadows*, and changing his hay into *Gold* which is but *Earth*, he fills therewith his Coffers. But, *Fool* that he is, he thinks not that his life is a *Meadow*, his body the hay thereof and time the *Mower*, who by his example makes publick traffick of the same merchandize, changing by little and little the hay of his *body* into *Earth*. And is not this to be very ingenious to cheat a mans self?

*We may call man a Tree, whose root is the immortal soul, and the fruits which it bears are of the same nature, either for glory or punishment.*

*The world is a Meadow, and all the objects which therein we admire, are flowers, which fade every hour.*

Another's aim is only to be rich in *Buildings*, some in the countrey, some in the city; and assuming vanity from the number, as well as the magnificence of his Palaces, he believes that they are so many *Sanctuaries* of proof, against the strokes of fortune, or the

thunders of *Heaven*. What a folly is this, to esteem ones self happy, for having divers cabbins upon earth, to put himself under covert from the rain, and wind; during the short journey of life? The rain ceases, the wind is past, and life dies; and then the tempest of a thousand *eternal* anguishes comes to entertain him, without possibility of discovery, even from hope, one only port of safety. To be only rich then, in edifices, is to be rich in castles of paper and cards, such as little children lodge their petty cares in.

To what purpose steads it us to be richly lodged, if every *hour* of the day may be that

*We must build upon the unshakeable foundations of eternity, if a man would be sheltered from all sorts of storms.*

of our *departure*? Men trouble themselves to build houses of pleasure, but the pleasures fade away, and we also, and these houses remain for

witnesses of our folly, and for sensible objects of sorrow, and grief; in that cruel necessity to which we are reduced to abandon them. It is to be considered that we are born to be *Travellers* and *Pilgrims*; and as such, are we constrained to march a'wayes straight to the *gate of Death*, without ever resting, or being able to find

repose,

repose, even in repose it self. To what then are all these magnificent Palaces, when our only retreat beats on to the grave? To what end are all this great number of structures, when we are all in the way, and point to end of our voyage? O, how well is he *housed*, that lodgeth his hope in *God*, and layes the foundations of his habitation upon *Eternity*! A good conscience is the richest house that one can have.

*Though we say, the Sun sets every night, yet it rests not: and so Man, though he lay himself to sleep, rests not from his voyage to Earth.*

Another, designs his treasures in numerous *Shippings*, trafficking with all winds, in spite of storms and tempests: but be it granted, a perpetual calm as heart could wish, and imagine we, (as himself does) that he shall fish with *Fortune's nets*, all the Pearls of the *Ocean*; what can he do at the end with all his ventures? If he truck them away, he can gain but stuff of the same price; if he sell them, he does but change white purified earth for yellow, which the Sun purifies as well within the Mines. What will he do now with this new merchandize, or this his gold? behold him alwayes in trouble to discharge himself of so many burdens. If gold were potable, he might perhaps

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perhaps nourish himself therewith for a while; but as *Midas* could not do it in the fable, he will never bring it to pass in the verity; he must needs keep watch then day and night to the guard of his riches; and well may he keep sentinel, *Death* comes to rob him of them, since at his going out of the world she takes them away from him. What appearance is there, that the treasures of the Sea should be able to make a man rich, since the possession of all the world together cannot do it. A

*The treasure of good works, is eternall riches.*

hundred thousand ships are but a hundred thousand shuttle-cocks for the

wind, and a hundred thousand objects of shipwrack. Suppose they arrive to the Port, the life of their Master is alwayes among rocks, for 'tis a kind of ship, which cannot arrive at other shore, but at the bank of the grave. And I leave you to consider what

*Our life is a Ship, which loosing from the Haven, the cradle, at the moment of our birth, never comes ashore again, till it run aground uppon the grave.*

danger he may run, if there the storm of his avaricious passion cast him. The sand-blind-sighted may foresee his ruine, and the most judicious will believe it infallible. Behold, in fine, a man rich to much purpose,

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purpose, that would have drain'd by his ambition, the bottomless depths of the Ocean, and now to find himself in the end of his carreere, in the *abysses* of hell, having an *Eternity* of evils for recompence of an age of anxieties, which he hath suffered during his life.

Lord, if I would be rich in wood, let it be in that of thy *Cross*, and from henceforth let its fruits be my revenues, and my rents. If I would traffick in meads; Let the meditation of the hay of my life, be my only profit. If I set my self to build houses, let it be rather for my soul than for my body; and in such sort, that my good works may be the stones, and the purity of my conscience the foundation. And lastly, if I would travel the Seas to go to the conquest of their treasures: let my tears be the waves thereof, and my sighs the winds, and thy grace alone, the only object of my riches.

Make me then rich, O LORD, if it please thee, by the only misprize of all the treasures of the Earth, and teach this secret language to my heart, never to speak but of thee in its de-

*He which puts his trust in God, is the richest of the world, how poor soever he be.*

*It is already sufficient enjoyment of rest and quiet, to set up ones rest in God only.*

*hires,*

fires, nor of other than thy Self in its hopes; since of thee alone, and in thee only, lies the fulness of its *perfect felicity* and sovereign repose. *Let us not rest our selves in so fair a way.*

I cannot comprehend the design of these curious Spirits, who go seeking the Philosophers stone in that Spittle, where an infinite number of their companions are dead of regret, to have so ill employed their time. They put all they have to the quest of that which never was; and burning with desire to acquire wealth, they reduce all their own into cinders, and their *lungs* also with vehement *puffing*, without gaining other recompence at the end of their labours, but

*The love of God is the only Philosopher-stone, since by it a man may acquire eternal treasures.*

this, Now to know their folly: but the Sun sets, the candle goes out, the bed of burial is prepared; there must be their *Enter* at the *Exit* of so many unprofitable pains. To what purpose serves it now, to know they are fools, having no more time to be wise?

What cruel *malady* of spirit is it to sacrifice both ones body and soul in an unlucky *Alembick*? for to nourish a vain *ambition*, whose irregular appetite can never be satisfied? Is not this to take pleasure in kind-

ling;

ling the fire which consumes us? to burn perpetually with desire of being rich in this world, and yet get nothing by it: And then to burn again eternally in hell, without possibility to quench the ardour of those revenging flames: is not this to *warp* ones self the *webb* of a fate, the most miserable that ever was?

*An inclination toward the misprize of Earth, is a presage of the getting of Heaven.*

Produce we then of nothing the creation of this Philosopher-stone, and grant we it made at present to the hearts of the most ambitious, I am content that from the miracles of this *Metamorphosis*, they make us see the marvels of a new Gallery of silver, like to that which bare *NERO* to the Capitol. I am content that they make pendant at the point of a needle, as *SE-MIRAMIS*, the price of twenty millions of gold. I am content that after the example of \* *Atabalipas*, they pave their Halls with *Saphyrs*. I am pleased, that imitating *Cyrus*, they enround their gardens with perches of gold. I am content, that the *Dryades* of their fountains

\* *Atabalipas, King of Peru. The World is aptly compared to the Sea, since as the storms of this, so are the miseries of that, and like sitting billows ever rolling, so are the objects which we here admire.*

be

be composed of the same material, following the magnificences of *Cæsar*. I am content that they erect with *Pompey* an *Amphitheatre* all covered with plates of *Gold*. I am content they build a *Palace of Ivory*, there to lodge another *Menelaus*, or a *Louvre of Crystal* to receive therein another *Drusus*, and let (I am content still) this *Louvre* be ornamented with *Court-cupboards* of pearls, equal to those of *Scæurus*; and with *Coffers* of the same price as that of *Darius*. To what will all this come to in the end? What may be the reverse of all these medals? The scorching heat of *Time*, and the *Sun's* beams have melted this gallery of silver; its admirers are vanisht, and its propriety. Even *Rome* it self hath run the like fate, and though it subsist yet, 'tis but only in name, its ruines mourn at this day the death of its glory. That

'Tis a Rule without exception, that all that is included in the revolution of *Time*, is subject to change.

So Precious Pendant of *Semiramis* could not be exempt from a kind of Death, though it were inanimate. I mean, that in its insensibility, it hath received the attainments of this *Vicissitude*, which alters and destroys all things, since it now appears no more to our eyes. All those *Saphyr-paved* Halls are passed

not.

*The Mirrour which flatters not.* 91

passed away, though Art had enchained them in beautiful Workmanships. They have had otherwise a glittering lustre, like the *Sun*; but this *Planet* jealous of them, hath refused in the end its clearness, so much as to their ruine; insomuch, that they are *vanished in obscurity*. These gardens environed with rails of gold, have (like others) divers *Spring-times*, to renew their growth, but one *Winter* alone was enough to make them *die*. Those *Dryades* which enrich these fountains are fled upon their own water-trills, and scarce remains us their remembrance. That proud *Amphibeatre* of *Pompey* could not eternize it self, but in the memory of men, and yet we scarce know what they say, when they speak on't. That *Ivory Palace* of *Menelaus* goes for a fable in Histories, being buried in the *Abysses* of *non-entity*. That famous, *Louvre* of *Crystal* having been busted against by *Time*, is broken, and shivered into so many pieces, that not so much as the very dust on't subsists, but in the confus'd *Idea* of things, which have been otherwhile. All those high cup-boards of Pearl,

*Meditate here a little, how oft the face of the Earth hath been varied since its first creation.*

*There is nothing so certain in the world as its uncertainty.*

Pearl, and all those Coffers of great price have indeed had an appearance like lightning; but the thunder-bolt of *inconstancy* hath reduc'd them into ashes, and the memory of them is preserv'd in ours, but as a *Dream*, since in effect it is no more at all.

But if the precious wonders of past-ages have done nothing but pass away together with their admirers and owners, is it not credible, that those covetous rich ones, did run the same fortune with all the treasures of their Philosopher-stone; and at the end of their career, what device could they take but this very same of *SALADINE*, since of all their riches, there remains them at their *Death*, but only a poor *Shirt*, \* I

*\* Fui, & nihil amplius.* have been, sayes this great Monarch, and behold, here's all.

Why, *Rich ones* of the World, do you trouble your selves so much, to establish your glory here below, for to perswade us at the end of the journal only this, *That you have been*? An Atome has the same advantage: for this *creating power*, which we adore, after he had taken it out of the *abyss* of nothing, wherein you also were buried, made it to subsist in *nature*. Be it that you have been the *greatest* on *Earth*, yet now the

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fair light of your fair dayes, is extinguish'd  
for ever. The Sun of your  
glory is eclips'd, and in an  
eternal *West*. And that  
your fate which inter-  
loomed the web of your  
greatnesses, together with  
your lives, lies entomb'd with your *Ashes*,  
to shew us that these are the only *unhallowed*  
*reliques* which your Ambition could leave  
us.

*Yet thus is it a blef-  
sedness of our con-  
dition, thus to escape  
by little and little  
the miseries which  
are incident unto us.*

You have been then otherwhile the only  
*Minions of Fortune*, like *Demetrius*; but he  
and you are now no more any thing, not so  
much as a handful of *Ashes*: for less than  
with an infinite power, 'twere impossible to  
any, to reunite into a body, the parcels of  
the *Dust*, whereof your Carcasses were for-  
med, behold in what consists at this day,  
the foundation of your past glory.

You have been then otherwhile the same  
as *SALADINE* the onely *Monarch* of  
the *East*, and have posselt (as *He*) treasures  
without number, and honours without pa-  
rallel: But (as *He* also) If vertue eternize  
you have done nothing  
else but pass away; and like  
him again you have not  
been able to hide your  
wretchedness,

*If vertue eternize  
not our memory, our  
life passeth away  
like the wind with-  
out leaving any  
trace.*

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wretchedness, but under a Scarp of *Linnen*, whereof the *Worms* have repasted, to manifest you to all the World.

In fine, you have been otherwhile the wonders of our dayes, but now you are the horror of this present, for the only thought of the dung-heap of your *Ashes* poysons my spirit, so delicate is't; and I leave farther provocation to the incredulous, if they be willing to be stronger witnesses of it : but let us now leave personal reflections, and trouble we not the repose of *Church-yards*.

I grant, that you may be at this instant that I speak unto you, so rich and happy, that you cannot wish more of *Fortune*, nor *She* able to offer you more : Yet thus ought you to consider where you are, who you

*He which esteems himself rich and happy in this world, knows not the nature of worldly happiness and riches.*

are, and what are the goods which you possess. You are in the World, where all things flit away, and 'tis in this way of flying away, that you read these verities : my meaning is, you dwell upon the same earth,

whereof you are formed, and consequently you lodge upon your *Burial-places*, whose entrances will be open at all moments. To say who you are, I am ashamed, in calling

you

you by your proper names, for to remembrance you your miseries : *Corruption* conceives you, *Horror* infants you, *Blood* nourishes you, *Infection* accompanies you in the Coffin. The treasures which you enjoy are but *Chimera's* of greatness, and apparitions of Glory, whereof living you make experiment, and dying you perfectly know the truth on't.

*There is nothing so constantly present with us, as our miseries, since always we are miserable enough at best.*

To what end then can stead you your present felicities, since at present you scarce enjoy them at all? for even at *this* very instant another, which is but newly upon *pass*, robs you of part of them; and even this, giving you hint of the cosenage of his companions, *cheats* you too, as well as they; and thus they do altogether to your *lives*, as well as your contentments; in ravishing these, they *intrain* the others: then what remonstrance can you exhibit of esteeming your selves happy for *past* felicities, and which you have not *enjoyed* but in way of *depart*? And if this condition be agreeable unto you, still there is a necessity of setting up your rest at the end of the carriere: and there it is, where I attend to contribute to your vain waylings, as many resentments of  
Pity.

Pity. Take we another track, without losing our selves.

How ingenious was that famous Queen of *Ægypt*, to deceive with good grace her *Lover*. She caused under-hand dead fishes to be ensnared to the hook of *Antony*, as often as the toy took him to go a fishing, to the end to make him some sport by those pleasant deceits. May we not say that *Ambition* doth the same? for when we cast our hooks into this vast *Ocean* of the *vanities* of the *World*, we fish but *Dead* things without soul, whose acquirement countervails not a moment of the *Time*, which we employ to attain it.

Had I all the goodliest fardles of the world laded on my back; I mean, had I acquired all the honours, wherewith fortune can tickle an *ambitious* soul, should I thence become greater of body? My growing time is past, would my *Spirit* thence become more excellent? these objects are too weak to ennoble her *Powers*. Should I thence become more virtuous? *Vertue* looks for no satisfaction out of it self.

'Tis to no purpose to be passionate for such goods as a man may lose, and the world can give no better.

self. Should I thence be more esteem'd  
of the world? This is but the glory of a  
*Wind*, which doth but pass away. What  
happinefs, what contentment, or what uti-  
lity, would remain me then, that I might  
be at rest? A *Man* must not suffer himself  
thus to be fool'd. All honours can be but a  
burden to an *innocent* soul, for so much  
as they are continual objects of vanity,  
which stir up the passions, and only serve  
but for nourishment to them in their vio-  
lences, to hurry them into all sorts of extre-  
mities. And after all, the *necessity* of *dying*,  
which makes an inseparable accident in our  
condition, *gloomes* the glittering of all this  
*vain* glory, which environs *us*. In the an-  
guishes of *Death*, a man dreams not of the  
*Grandeurs* of his life, and  
being ever and anon upon  
point to depart, finds him-  
self often afflicted most  
with those good things which he *possesseth*,  
measuring already the depth of the *fall* by  
the height of the place whither he is ex-  
alted.

*'Tis an irksome re-  
membrance of past  
happinefs.*

\* He which found *Fortune* at his grate, found no  
naile to stay her wheele : But if *She* on the  
one side takes a pleasure to ruine *Empires*.

\* Galba.

F

to

8 *The Mirror which flatters not.*

to destroy Realms, and to precipitate her favourites : *Death* on the other side pardons no body, alters the temperament of all sorts of humours, perverts the order of every kind of habitude ; and not content yet to beat down all these great *Colosses* of *Vanity*, which would be taken for the worlds wonders, calls to the sharing of their ruine the elements, thus to bury their materials in their first abysses, where she hath designed the place of their entombment.

What can a *Man* then find *constant* in the world, where constancy doth no where reside ? *All things pass away, and by their way tell us that we must do so too.* *Time, Fortune, Death, our passions,* and a thousand other stumbling blocks shall never speak other language to us but of our *miseries*, and yet we will suffer our selves like *ALEXANDER* to be voyc'd *Immortal*. Our prosperities, our grandeurs, our very delights themselves, shall tell us, as they pass, a word in our ear, that we ought not to trust them, and yet for all this, we will never but sigh after them. Be it then at last for very regret, to have vented to the wind so many vain sighs, for *Chimeras* of sweets, whereof the remembrance cannot be but full of *bitterness*.

*Vain*

*Vain honours of the world*, tempt me no more : your allurements are powerfull, but too weak to vanquish me. I deride your wreaths of

*No security of pleasure, to enjoy such things as may every moment be lost.*

*Laurel*, there grows more on't in my garden than you can give me. If you offer me esteem, and reputation among men, what should I do with your presents? *Time* devours every day the like of them, and yet more precious : I undervalue all such *Good-things*, as it can take away again from me.

*Deceitful greatneses of the Earth*, cease to pursue me, you shall never catch me, your charms have given some *bites* to my heart, but not to my *Soul*, your *sweets* have toucht my senses, but not my spirit ; what have you to offer me, which can satisfy me? *Time* and *Fortune* lend you all the *Scepters* and *Crowns* which

*Worldly greatneses are but like Masking-cloaths, which serve him and the other but for that time.*

you borrow, and as you are not the owners, they take them away again when they will, and not when it pleaseith you. So then, I will have no *Scepters* for an *hour*, nor no *Crowns* for a *day*. If I have desire to raige, 'tis beyond *Time* ; that I may thus be under

shelter from the inconstancy of *Ages*. Trouble not your selves to follow me. This world is a mass of mire, upon which a man may make impress of all sorts of Characters, but not hinder Time to deface the draught at any time. Ambitious Spirits, fair leave have you to draw the Stell of your designs upon this ready prim'd cloth: Some few years wipe out all. Some ages carry away all, and the remembrance of your follies is only immortal in your souls, by the eternal regret which remains you of them.

*SCIPIO* made design to conquer *Carthage*, and after he had cast the project thereof upon mould, he afterwards took the body of this shadow, and saw the effect of his desires: But may not one say, that the Trophies of his valour have been cast in rubbidge within that mass of dirt, whereof the world is composed, since all the marks thereof are effaced? *Carthage* it self, though it never had life, could not avoid its death. Time hath buried it so deep under its own ruines, that we seek in vain the place of its Tomb. I leave you to ruminate, if its subduer were himself able to resist the assaults of this Tyranny.

If *ALEXANDER* had sent his thoughts

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thoughts into Heaven, there to seek a new world, as well as his desires on earth there to find one, he had not lost his time; but as he did amuze himself to engrave the History of his ambition and triumphs upon the same mass of clay, which he had conquered; he writ upon water, and all the characters on't are defaced.

The Realms which he subdued, have lost some of them their names, and of this Triumpher there re-

mains us but the *Idea* as of a dream, since men are ready to require *Security* even of his *Memory*, for the wonders which it preacheth to us of him.

May we not then again justly avow, that of all the conditions, to which a man may be advanced without the aid of vertue, either by Nature or Fortune, there is none more unfortunate, than to be to these a favourite, nor any more miserable than to a

Great one? This inconsistent goddess hath a thousand favours to lend; but to give, none but halters, poysons, poniards and precipices. 'Tis a fine

*There is more glory to despise the world, than to conquer it: for after its conquest, a man knows not what to do with it.*

*All those who engage themselves to the service of Fortune, are ill paid; and of this, every day gives us experience.*

thing to see *Hannibal* begging his bread even in view of *Scipio*, after he had called in question the price of the worlds Empire-dome. Is it not an object worthy of compassion, to consider *Nicias* upon his knees before *Gillippus*, to beg his own and the *Athenians* lives, after he had in a manner commanded the winds at Sea, and Fortune at shore, in a government sovereignly absolute. Who will not have the same resentments of pity, reading the History of *Crassus*, then when by excess of disaster he surviv'd both his glory and reputation, constrained to assist at the funerals of his own renown, and undergo the hard conditions of his enemies, attending death to

*All those who hunt after Fortune, are well pleased to be deceived, since her de- arits are so well known.*

free him from servitude? Will you have no regret, to see enslaved, under the tyranny of the King of *Ægypt*, the great *Agésilas*, whose valour was the only wonder of his *Time*? What will you say to the deplorable *Fate* of *Cumenes*; to whom Fortune having offered so often Empires, gives him nothing in the end, but Chains, so to die in captivity?

You see at what price *Men* have bought the favours of this Goddess, when many times

times the serenity of a happy life produceth the storm of an unfortunate *Death*. You may judge also at the same time, of what Nature are these heights of *Honour*, when often the *Greatest* at Sun-rise, find themselves at the end of the Day, the most miserable. And suppose Fortune meddle not with them, to what extremity of misery think you is a man reduced at the hour of his departure? All his *Grandeurs*, though yet present, are but as past Felicities. He enjoys no more the goods which he possesses, griefs only appertain to him in proper; and with what magnificence soe're he is environed, this object shows him but the image of a funeral pomp: his bed already  
*I wonder not if rich men be afraid of Death, since to them it is more dreadful than to any.*  
emblemes the Sepulchre, the Sheets his winding linnen, wherein he must be enveloped. So that, if he yet conceit himself *Great*, 'tis only in Misery. Since all things that he sees, hears, touches, smells, and tastes, sensibly perswade him nothing else.

Give Resurrection in your thoughts, to Great *Alexander*, and then again conceive him at last gasp; and now consider in this deplorable estate, wherein he finds himself

involv'd upon his funeral couch, to what  
*Fortune sells every day the glory of the world to any that will ; but none but fools are her Chapmen.*

can stead him all the *Grandeurs* of his life past, they being also past with it ? I grant that all the *Earth* be his, yet you see how the little load of that of his body weighs so heavy on his soul, that it is upon point to fall, grovelling under the burden. I grant that all the glory of the world belongs to him in proper : yet he enjoys nothing but his miseries. I yield moreover, that all *Mankind* may be his subjects : yet this absolute sovereignty is not exempt from the servitude of pain. Be it, that with the only thunder of his voyce, he makes the earth to tremble : yet he himself cannot hold from shaking at the noyse of his own sighs. I grant in fine, that all the *Kings* of the world render him homage : yet he is still the tributary of *Death*.

*O Grandeurs !* since you fly away without cease, what are you but a little wind ? and should I be an Idolater of a little tossed *Air*, and which only moves but to vanish to its repose ?

*O Greatnesses !* since you do but pass away, what name should I give you but that  
of

of a *Dream*? Alas, why should I pass my life in your pursuit, still dreaming after you?

*O worldly Greatnesses!* since you bid *Adieu* to all the world, without being able to stay your selves one only moment; *Adieu* then, your allurements have none for me, your sweets are bitter to my taste, and your pleasures afford me none. I cannot run after that which flies: I can have no love for things which pass away; and since the world hath nothing else, 'tis a long while that I have bid-ben *adieu* to it. It had promised me much, and though it had given me nothing, yet cannot I reproach it, finding my self yet too *rich* by reason of its hardness. But I return to the point.

*Worldly Greatnesses are but childrens trifles, every wise man despises them.*

*Men* of the World would perswade us, that it is impossible to find any quiet in it, that is to say, a firm settling of Spirit, wherein a man may be content in his condition, without

*The onely means to be content is to settle the conscience in peace.*

ever wishing any other thing. And for my part, I judge nothing to be more easie, if we leave to Reason its absolute power. What impossibility can there be, to regu-

late a mans will to Gods? And what contradiction is't, to live upon earth of the pure benedictions of Heaven? What greater riches can a man wish than this, to be able to undergo the Decrees of his Fate, without murmuring and complaint? If *Riches* consisted only in Gold, Diamonds, Pearles, or such like things of like rarity; those which have not of them, might count themselves miserable: But every man carries his treasure in his conscience. He which lives without just scandal, lives happily; and who can complain of a happy life?

But if to have the hap of these felicities of this life, a man judge presently, that he ought of necessity to have a great number of riches: *Riches are of use to humane life, but not of necessity; for without them a man may live content.*

This is to enslave himself to his own opinion, abounding in his proper Sence, and condemning Reason for being of the contrary part. I know well, that a man is naturally swayed to love Himself more than all things of the world; and that this love proceeds from the passion of our interest, seeking with much care and pain, all that may contribute to our contentments; and whereas Riches seem to be Nurses of them, this consequence

is incident to be drawn, that without them is no contented living. But at first dash, it is necessary to distinguish this love into Natural and Brutal; and believe, that with the illumination of Reason, we may purifie the relishes of the first, even to the point of rendring them innocent, without departing from our interests, and consequently the enjoyment of our pleasures, giving them for object, the establishment of our settled content, in misprision of all those things of the world, which may destroy it.

*When reason reigns,  
the passions obey.*

As for this brutish *Love*, which estranging us from God, separates us also from our selves; the passion of it becomes so strong by our weakness, that without a special Grace we grow old in this malady of Spirit, of contenting our Senses, rather than obeying our Reason, making a new god of the Treasures of the Earth. But in conclusion, these gods abandon our bodies to the Worms, and our souls to the Devils. And for all their *Riches*, the greatest *Great ones* can only purchase a glorious Sepulture. Is not this a great advantage, and a goodly consolation?

Maintain we boldly, that a man may  
finde:

*He whose will sub-  
miss to Gods will,  
lives ever content.*

*The Spirit of a Man  
will bear his infir-  
mity.*

finde quietness of life in all sorts of conditions, with the only richness of a tractable Soul, resign'd to take the time as it comes, and as God sends it, without ever arguing with his providence. There is no affliction, whereto our Soul cannot give us as-  
swage. There is no ill whereto it self is not capable to furnish us a remedy. A man, how miserable soever, may finde his contentment amidst his miseries, if he lives for his souls more than for his bodies behalf. God makes us to be born where he will, and of what Parents he pleases: if the poorness of our birth accompany us even to death, he hath so ordained it: what can we else do, but let him so do? Can he be accounted miserable, that obeys with good grace his Sovereigns decrees?

O! how is it far more easie to undergo the burthen of much poverty, than of great riches! For a man extreamly poor is troubled with no thoughts more important, than onely how to finde  
means.

means to pass his life in the austerities whereunto he is already habituated, without repining after others fortune; as being estranged equally both from his knowledge and reach; in which respects, he may well be stiled *happy*. But a man very *rich*, dreams of nothing but to eternize the continuance of his dayes (although his fancy be in vain) instead of letting them quietly slide away; insomuch, that being possess'd with no passion more than love of life, he thinks alwayes to live, and never to die. But *Death* comes e're he thinks on't, and taking from him all to his very shirt, constrains him to confess that *riches* are only profitable by misprision; since by the contempt a man makes of them, he may become the richest of the world.

*Death cannot be said to deceive any body, for it is infallible, and yet the world complains of it.*

O what a sensible pleasure 'tis to be Rich, say worldly men alwayes! but I would fain know, in what consists this contentment? What satisfaction can there be had to possess much treasure, knowing what an infinite number of our companions are reduced to the last point of poverty? Some in Hospitals, where they lye in straw, overwhelmed with a thousand fresh griefs.  
Others.

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Others at the corner of a street, where a piece of a dung-hill serves them at once, both for bed and board. Some again in Dungeons, where horreur and affright, hunger and despair tyrannize equally over their unfortunate spirits. And others in some Desert, to which ill Fate has confined them, to make their ills remediless, as being far removed from all sorts of succours. How with the knowledge of these truths, a man shall be able to relish greedily the

*There is no emptiness in nature, for miseries fill all.*

vain sweets of worldly riches, it must needs be for want of reason or pity, and consequently to be al-

together brutish or insensible. I shall have (suppose) a hundred thousand Crowns in rents, and all this Revenue shall serve but to nourish my body and its pleasures, without considering, that a hundred thousand poor souls sigh under the heavy burden of their miseries every day: and yet men shall esteem me happy in being rich in this fate. *O how dangerous are the treasures, which produce these felicities!*

Is it possible, that the Great ones of the world do not think at all in the middle of their Ecstasies, of the extream poverty,

*It is a brave generosity, to be sensible of other mens miseries.*

verty;

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verty of an infinite number of persons, and that in themselves they do not reason secretly in this sort; What? in this instant that we satiate the appetite of our senses, with all that nature hath produced most delicious for their entertainment; a million and many more poor souls, are reduced to this extremity, as not to have one onely crumb of bread. And in this serious thought what relish can they find in their *best-cook'd-cates*, and in their sweetest condiment? does not this important consideration, mingle a little bitterness? But if their spirits estrange themselves from these meditations, and fasten to objects more agreeable; O how hard of digestion is the second service of their collation! *He which cannot love his neighbour, hath no love for himself.*

To speak ingenuously, every time when I consider in that condition exempt from want, wherein God hath given me birth, and wherein his goodness (which is no other than himself) keeps me still alive; I say, when I consider the misery to which the greatest part of the world is reduced, I cannot be weary of blessing this adorable Providence, which grants me to see from the haven, the tempests wherein so many  
spirits.

spirits are tossed, which Grace to me alone  
*All in God is adora- (me thinks) is all extra-*  
*ble, and all incompre-* ordinary; to see my self  
*hensible; we* under shelter, from so  
*must then adore,* many evils, wherewith so  
*and be silent.* many persons are afflicted.

By what means could I deserve, before the  
 Creation of all things, that this sovereign  
 Creator should design me from the abysses of  
 nothing, to give me *Being*, and a *Being*  
 moreover of *Grace*, making me to be born  
 in a *Golden age*, in a *Christian Kingdom*, and  
 in a City of the *Catholick Faith*; for to be  
 instructed and brought up as I have been in  
 the only Religion, wherein a man may find  
 his *Salvation*? and with all these benefits,  
 moreover, to elevate me above the tempta-  
 tions of poverty and misery.

Are not these most pure favours which  
 would require of this *Eternal ONE*, (who  
 hath bestowed them on me) the term of an  
*Eternity*, that I might be able to arrive to  
 some small condigne acknowledgement of  
 them? The most miserable wretch of the  
 world, wherein did he differ from me in  
 way of merit of some portion of these fa-  
 vours, which he possesseth not; since that  
 before time was, he and I were nothing at  
 all, and yet from all eternity God hath be-  
 stowed.

flowed these things on me in precedency, rather than on him? At least (say I) it did behove me, that since the first moment, I was capable of reason, I had employed all those of my life past in the continual meditation of so many, and so great benefits, whereof to reach the reason 'twere to find the bottoms of the abysses of this infinite mercy, to which I remain infinitely indebted. And coming to the point, ought not I in this preheminance of mine contribute all my power to the succour of him, who enjoyeth not my happiness, to the end, thus to deserve in a manner, some party of them under the favour

of merits from this great God, who only gives reward to those good actions, which he makes me do? Can I refuse

*The nearest way  
from Earth to Heaven  
is by Charity.*

to be charitable to him, who only begs some good of me, but to render me worthy of that, which I have received from heaven? I shall have all things to my wish amidst my pleasures, when Death it self is deaf to his plaints, in extremity of his pains. And shall not I give him some sort of consolation, either in good office, or in pity, being thereunto obliged by yet more powerful reasons?

*Great*

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*Great ones* of the World, you are more miserable than these miserable ones, even in the mid'st of your felicities, if the recite of their evils give you not some touch. You have riches more than they : but *God* hath given you these, but to *cheare* their poverty. As well also, though they now are yours, shall they take leave of you, at the *Even* of your depart : and if of them you carry any thing away, it shall be only the interests of that which you have lent these *Poor* ones.

*Great worldly ones!* how is your fate worthy of compassion rather than Envy, if you have no other Paradise than your riches?

*Grandees* of the World! How soon will the source of your contentments dry up, if only your treasures give it spring-head?

*Great worldly ones!* Of how short endurance shall be your prosperities, though an Age should be limit to their course; since at the end of that term you must die eternally, and die in a pain alwayes living. Suggest to your selves often these importancies. *Visit*, and turn over the leaf to read more of them.

When

When I consider the great number of Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords, which have governed the *World*, and the Battels which they have given for its conquests, since the moment of its creation; I remain all amaz'd, not able to find bounds nor measure in this amazement. How many several Masters may a man imagine then, that the *World* hath had? and how many times conquered, dividing it into divers Empires, Kingdomes, and Lordships?

*Hours, Days, Years, and Ages, may well be different; but the world is still the same.*

Well, yet the *World* hath still remained the same, and in the same place still: but its Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords, are vanished away, one at the heels of another; and all their conquests have served them only as matter of pass-time, since all their combats and battels, have had no other price of Victory, but upon the same earth, where their glory and bodies remain together enterred.

O goodly childish sport, to amuze themselves about conquering some little point within the limits, wherewith the Universe is bounded! Ask but *Alexander* what he hath done with the booties of his Conquest. When he had taken away all, he had yet nothing,

nothing, and of himself now remains there nothing at all. *Ambition, behold the reverse of thy Medal!*

**L O R D**, Preserve to me alwayes, (if it please thee) this humour wherein I now find my self, to misprize all the things of the world, and It too, with passion. Give me a heart wavering and inconstant, to this end, that it may uncessantly change from all worldly Love, till it be subjected to the sweet Empire of thy Love. Render, render evermore my spirit unquiet, untill that it hath found its repose in thee alone, the foundations of such a rest are unremoveable. I will give for nothing all my pretensions on earth; for thereto pretend I nothing at all. *Heaven only is my mark and aim. Now you shall see soon the end of the Chapter.*

How was it possible that the glory of those brave *Romans* of former time could any way arrive to that point (though they aimed at it) whereto the renown of Rome it self could never attain? What a folly was it, that they sought immortality  
amidst

*These wise worldly ones have had no other recompence of their folly, but such a blast of Fame's Trump.*

amid'st this inconstancy of Ages, where Death only was in his Kingdome : for they assisted every day, at the funeral of their renowned companions, and after they had seen their bodies reduced into ashes, they might, with the same eye, moreover, contemplate their shadows, I mean their statues, metamorphosed into dust, and all their reputation served but as a wind to bear them away into an infinity of *abysses*, since, as a Wind, being nothing else; it flies away with these heaps of ruine, so far both from the eye; and all memory, that, in the end, there is no more thought on't.

In effect, all these *Great Men* of the World did see buried every moment the hope of this vain Glory, whereof their ambition was alwayes labouring to make acquists; and yet not one of them for all this slipt back; as if they took a pride in their vanities, and the folly of them were hereditary. *CÆSAR* had

seen the death of *Pompey*, and with him all the glory of his Renown; and

*Ambition never elevates, but to give a greater fall.*

*Pompey* had seen buried in the tomb of Time, and *Oblivion*, the Renown of that great *Scipio*, whose valour (more redoubted than the thunder) had made the Earth tremble

tremble so oft. *Scipio* in his turn might have read the Epitaph, which despair, shame, and disaster, had graven in letters of Gold upon the Sepulture of *Hannibal*. And *Hannibal* might have learn'd to know by the unconstancy of the age, wherein he liv'd, before he made experiment of them, the misfortunes, and miseries, which are inseparable to our condition. And yet notwithstanding, all of them stumbled one after other, upon one and the same stumbling stone.

I am not come into *Persia*, for the conquest of treasures, said *Alexander* to *Parmenio*: take thou all the riches, and leave me all the Glory: but after good calculation, neither of them both had any thing at all. These riches remained in the world still, to which they properly appertained, and this vain-glory saw its lover die, without it self being seen. Inasmuch, that after so great conquests, the worms have conquered this great *Monarch*, and as the dung-hill of his ashes has no sort of correspondence with this so famous name of *Alexander*, which otherwhile he bore: 'tis not to be said, what he hath been, seeing what he is now, I mean his present wretchednesses

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ednesses afface every day the memory of his  
past greatnesses.

Ambitious Spirits! Though you should  
conquer a thousand worlds, as he did this  
one, you should not be a whit richer for all  
these Conquests. The *Earth* is still as it  
was, it never changes nature. All her ho-  
nours are not worth one tear of repen-  
tance: all its glory is not to be prized with  
one sigh of contrition. I grant that the  
noise of your Renown may resound through  
the four corners of the Universe: That of  
*SALADINE* which went round it all,  
could not exempt him from the mishaps of  
life, nor miseries of *Death*. After he had  
encoffered all the riches of the East, yet he  
finds himself so poor for all that; hardly  
can he take along with him so much as a  
*Shirt*.

Embalm then the *Air* which you breathe,  
with a thousand *Odoours*; be served in Plate  
of *Gold*, lie in *Ivory*, swim in *Honours*, and  
lastly, Let all your actions glitter with mag-  
nificence; the last mo-  
ment of your life shall be  
judge of all those, which  
have preceded it: then  
shall you be able at your *Death*, to tell me  
the worth of this vain glory, whereof you  
have

*'Tis the greatest hor-  
rour of death, to ren-  
der account of all  
the moments of life.*

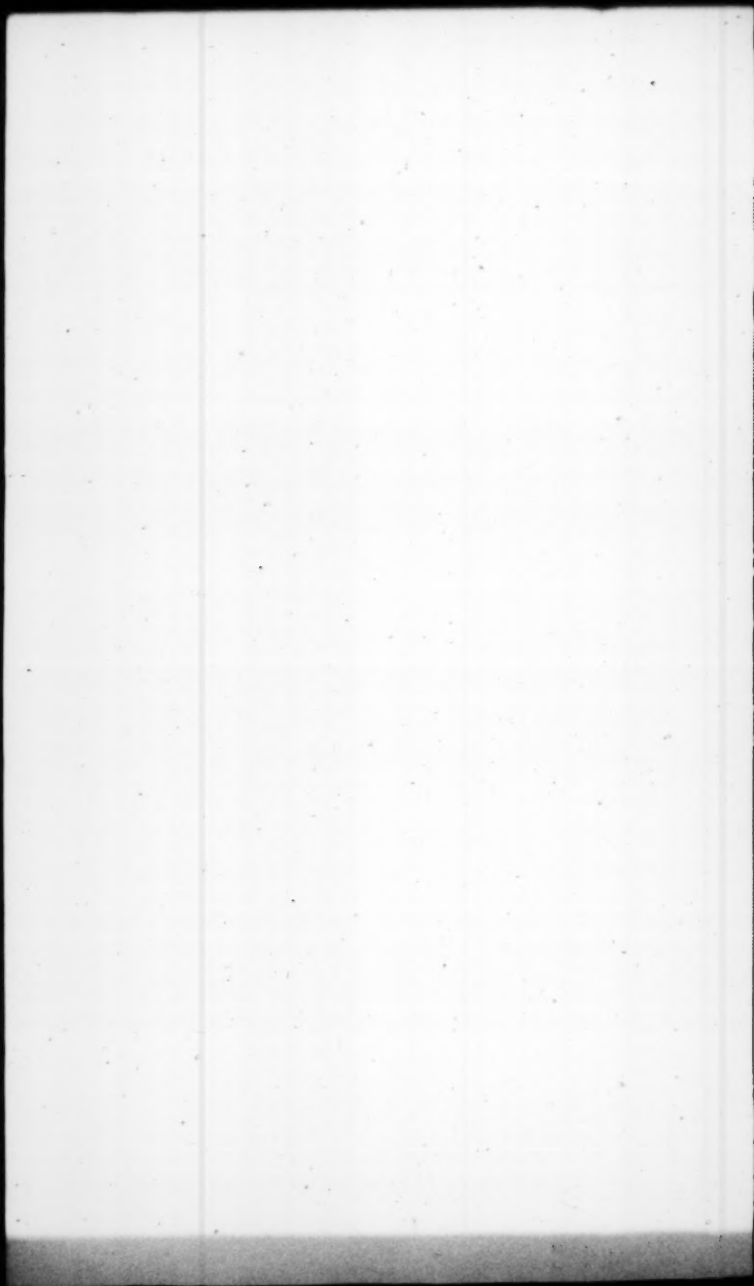
have been *Idolaters*; and after your *Death*, you shall resent the pains of an eternal regret, having now no more opportunity to repent you to any effect.

Believe me, all is but *Vanity*; *Honours*, *Glory*, *Riches*, *Praise*, *Esteem*, *Reputation*, All this is but smoke during *Life*, and after *Death*, nothing at all. The *Grands* of the world have made a little more noise than others by the way. But this noise is ceas'd, their light is extinguish'd, their memory buried. And if men speak of them sometimes, the answer is returned with a shake of the head, intimating no more words of them, since such a *Law of Silence*, *Time* hath imposed hereon. Seek your *Glory* in *God*, and your *Honour* in the contempt of this earthly *Honour*, if you will eternize your renown, in the perpetuity of *Ages*.  
*I have no more to say to you, after these truths.*



THIS CHART WITH  
FOURTH CHART  
AT THE END OF

RT WILL BE THE  
CHART APPEARING  
END OF THIS FILM.



A  
P R O L U S I V E  
Upon the E M B L E M E  
of the third Chapter.

A Funeral *Horse* with wreaths of *Cypress* crest-  
ed,

A *Skeleton* with Robes Imperial vested,  
Dead march, sad looks, no glorious circumstance  
Of high *Atchievements*, and victorious *Chance*.

Are these fit *Trophy's* for a *Conquerour*?

These are the *Triumphs* of the *Emperour*

*ADRIAN*, who chose this *Sable Heraldry*

Before the popular gilded *Pageantry*.

'Stead of *Triumphal Arches* he doth rear

The *Marble Columns* of his *Sepulcher*;

No publick honours wave his strict intent,

To shrine his *Triumph* in his *Monument*.

The *Conscript Fathers* and *Quirites* all

Intend his welcome to the *Capitol*.

The vast expence one day's work would have cost,

He wiser far (since t'other had been lost)

To build a *Mausoleum* doth bestow,

Which now at *Rome* is call'd

*Saint \* Angelo*;

\* *Moles Adriani nunc  
Castrum S. Angeli.*

Where to this Day, from *Æ-  
lius Adrian's* Name,

This *Ælian \* Bridge* doth still  
revive his fame.

\* *Pons Ælius.*

G

Now

Now was the peoples expectation high,  
 For wonted Pomp, and glitt'ring Chevalry:  
 But so their *Emp'our* doth invite 'em all,  
 Not to a Shew, but to his *Funeral*.  
 They look for *Gew-gaw* fancies; his wife scorn  
 Contemns those Vanities, leaves their hope for-  
 lorn.

For since all's smother'd in the *Funeral Pile*,  
 He will not dally with 'em for a while.

This was *Self-Victory*, and deserveth more  
 Than all the Conquests he had won before.

What can *Death* do to such a man, or *Fate*,  
 Whose Resolutions them anticipate?

For since the *Grave* must be the latter end,  
 Let our preventing thoughts first thither tend.

Bravely *Resolv'd* it is, knowing the  
*worst*

What must be done at *last*, as good at  
*first*.



THE  
M I R R O U R  
WHICH  
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. III.

**O** How Glorious is the Triumph over *Death* ! O how brave is the *victory* over a Mans self ! You see how

\* this great *Monarch*, triumphs to day over that \* *Adrian*,  
proud triumpher *Death*, after the happy vanquishment of his passions. He enters into his *Empire* by the Port of his *Tomb*, thus to raign during his life, like a man that dies every moment ; he celebrates himself his own *Funerals*, and is led in Triumph to his *Sepu'chre* to learn to die generously.

rously. What a glory's this to over-awe  
*That*, which commands the whole world?  
 What Courage is this, to assail and combate  
*That*, which none could ever yet resist?  
 And what a power is it, to tame *That*,  
 which never yet yielded? *Echo* her self hath  
 not rebounds enow to resound aloud the  
 wonders of this *Victory*.

This is not the Triumph of *Alexander*,  
 when he made his entry into *Babylon*, mount-  
 ed upon a Chariot as rich as the *Indies*, and  
 more glistering than the *Sun*.

In this we see no other riches, but the  
 rich contempt, which ought to be made of  
 them; no other lustre, but of *Vertue*.

This is not the Triumph of *Cæsar*, then,  
 when he was drawn unto the *Capitol* by  
 forty Elephants, after he had won twenty  
 four battels. In this, we see nought else but  
 a *Funeral* pomp; but yet so glorious, that  
*Death* her self serves for a *Trophy* to it.

This is not the Triumph of *Epaminondas*,  
 where the glorious lustre of the magnificence  
 sham'd the splendour of the day, which yet  
 lent its light to it. The Marvels which ap-  
 pear'd n this here, seem'd as celebrating in  
 black he Exequies of all the other brave-  
 ries of the world.. since nothing can be seen  
 more admirable than this.

This

This is not the Triumph of *Aurelian* where all the graces are led captive with *Zenobia*. In this are to be seen no other captives but the world, and all its vanities, and their defeat is the richest Crown of the *Victor*.

*To triumph over vice, is the noblest Trophy.*

This is not the Triumph of that pompous Queen of *Egypt* entring into *Cilicia*, where the rais'd admiration to her self in a Galley of unutterable value: but in this we contemplate the more than humane industry of a Pilot, who from the mid'st of the storms and tempest of the world, recovers happily to the Port, the ship of his life, though yet but in the way to approach to it.

In fine, this is not the Triumph of *Sesostrius*, whose stately Chariot four Kings drew. Passions are the only slaves of this, and *Death* being here vanquish't, this honour remains immortal, and the name of the Triumpher.

Say we then once again, O how glorious a Triumph is this, over *Death*! O how brave is the victory over our selves! and the onely means thus to vanquish a mans self, is to bury his ambition

*All the glory of men vanisheth away with them.*

tion before his body be ensepulchred, preparing nevertheless the tomb of both; to the end, that the continual remembrances of *Death*, may serve for temperament and moderation to the delights of life.

We read of *Paulus Æmilius*, that returning to *Rome* laden with wreaths of *Laurel*, after the famous victory over the *Persians*; he made his entrance of triumph with so great Pomp and Magnificence, that the Sun seemed to rouse it self many times, as if upon designe to contemplate these wonders.

*Pompey* desirous to expose to the view of day, all the magnificent Presents, which Fortune had given him in his last conquests, entred now the third time in Triumph into the City of *Rome*, where the noyse of his valour made as many Idolaters, as admirers; gaining Hearts, and now conquering Souls, as well as before Realms and Provinces: But it seems, that the Glory, which accompanied him in this action, had this defect, not to be sufficiently worthily known, even of those that were witnesses of it, as surpassing by much, all that they could possibly express of it.

There was seen advanced before his Chariot, in ostentation, a Checker-work composed

posed of two sorts of precious stones, whose beauty set them beyond all price: But yet (me thinks) their

*Vanity is a dangerous enemy, it flatters, only to surprize.*

sparkling might have in good time been a light to him, if by a feeling of fore-sight, touching the inconstancy of his fortune, he had caused to have been graven thereon the History of his mishaps. There was admired in sequel, a *Statue* of the Moon, all of Gold, in form of a *Crescent*; and I am astonish'd, that this Image of change and *Vicissitude*, made him not foresee the deturning of the wheel, I mean the storm, that was to succeed the calm of his happiness. He caused moreover to be carried before him a great number of Vessels of Gold, never thinking that *Death* might soon replenish some part of them with his ashes. There was seen to follow a Mountain all of Gold, upon which were all sorts of Animals, and many Trees of the same matter, and this Mountain was enrouded with a Vine, whose golden glittering dazzled the eyes of all that considered his wonders. This proud Tri-  
 umpher was the *Orpheus*, which to the *Lyrick* sound of his Renown, attracted

*Ambition is an incurable disease of the soul, if in good time it be not lookt to.*

this

this Mountain, these Animals, these Trees, this Vine. But as *Orpheus*, so him also, Fortune destined a Prey to the fury of *Bacchimals*, I mean the Eunuchs which put him to Death. Three Statues of Gold, first *Jupiter's*, then of *Mars*, and then of *Pallas*, came after. These were his Gods and his Goddesses : what succours could he expect from these Deities, which had no substance, but in statue, and the copy of whose Pourtraiture had no principal ? There was had in admiration moreover, thirty Gar-

*A man had need to have an excellent memory, not to forget himself among his honours.*

lands all of Gold, and Pearls : but these Crowns were too weighty for his head, from whence it came to pass, that he fell under the burden. A golden Chappel followed after, dedicated to the *Muses*, upon which was a great Horologe of the same materials. And as the Index still turned, ought not he to have considered, that the hour of his triumphing began to pass away, and that of his overthrow would presently sound, being sequel to the Laws of that vicissitude, to which Fate hath subjected all things ? His Statue of Gold enricht with Diamonds, and Pearls, whereof nor he himself, nor he that enwrought them, knew the

the value followed in its course, and in fine, this his shadow was more happy than the true body, as having never been scuffled with, but by time, and the other was vanquish't with misery. Then appeared the Great Pompey, seated upon a Throne where He and Fortune seem'd to give Laws to the whole World: for his Triumphal Chariot was so richly Glorious, so magnificent in Rarities, so splendid in new, and ne're-before-seen wonders, that a ravishment surpris'd mens spirits, elevating them at once from admiration to extasie, not giving them leisure to make reflection upon the present realties. But this Triumphal Chariot still rowled about, and though the Triumpher remained seated in his place, yet his Fortune turned about likewise. Insomuch that in going to the Capitol, he approacht by little and little to the bank, where his life and happiness were equally interred.

In fine, for the fulness of Glory, These proper names of the Conquests, which he had made, were read in Golden Characters: The Kingdom of Pontus, Armenia, Cappadocia, Paphlago-

*Be it our constant meditation, of the inconstancy to which all worldly things are subject.*

*See Pliny's Natur. History, 9. Book, 26. Chapter.*

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*nia, Medea, Colchis, the Hiberians, the Albanians, Syria, Cilicia, Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, Palestina, Judea, Arabia, and all the*

*Rovers of all the Seas.*

*Pride is the passion of Fools : for what a senselessness is it, to be proud, having so many miseries about us, which are incident to mortal man.*

Who can be comparable to this proud Conquerour? and yet (*I say it*) having conquered and subjugated the greatest part of the Earth, Fate permits him not so much, as to expire

upon it ; and the Sea yet more treacherous, prepares him shipwrack in mid'st of the Port.

What resemblance, and what correspondence can there be now, between this Triumph so sumptuous, so stately, and magnificent ; and *that*, whose presentation I show you ; where *lowliness, humility and misery*

*How poor is the vanity of man, having no other grounds but humane frailty ?*

hold the first rank, and possess the highest places?

Assuredly the difference is great, but yet this inequality here is glorious, since

it brings along with it the price of that vertue, whereof Pompey despised the conquest. He, in his Triumph, raised wonder to the beauty of those two great precious Stones. But the Sepulchral Marbles, which appeared

appeared in this of *ADRIAN*, were of another estimate, because prudence values them above all price, putting them to that employment, to which she had destinated them. Again, if he expose to view in vessels of Gold, Mountains, Animals, Trees, Vines, Statues of the same matter; This *Herse* covered with *black*, which serves for ornament to this *Funeral Pomp*, contains yet much more treasure, since the contempt of all together is graven therein. He makes ostentation of his *Statue* of Gold, enricht with *Pearls*: but our *Monarch* takes as much Glory without them, shewing in his own bare *Pourtraict*, the original of his miseries. That proud conquerour had a thousand Garlands, and golden Coronets, as a novell Trophy: But ours

*Except the Crown of Vertue, all other are subject to change.*

here crowns himself with

*Cypress* during his carriere of life, to merit those palms which await him in the end. In fine, *Pompey* is the Idol of hearts, and souls; and his *Triumphal Chariot* serves as an *Altar*, where he receives the vows and Sacrifices: But this Prince, instead of causing Idolaters, during the sway of his Majesty, immolates himself up to the view of Heaven, and Earth, dying already in his

own Funerals, and suffering himself to be as it were buried by the continual object, which dwells with him of *Death* and his *Tomb*. But if *Pompey* lastly boast himself to have conquered an infinite number of

*Realms*, or all the world together ? \* *Adrian*.

\* This *Man* having never had more enemies than his passions, hath sought no other glory but to overcome them, and in their defeat, a *Man* may well be stil'd the Conquerour of Conquerours; for the Coronal wreaths of this Triumph, fear not the Suns extremity, nor the Ages inconstancy. *We must pass on further.*

*Isidore*, and *Tranquillus*, do assure us, that *All the objects of Vanity are so many enemies, against which we ought to be always in arms.* to carry away the glory of a Triumph, it was necessarily required to vanquish five thousand enemies, or gain five victories, as it is reported of *Cesar*. The consent of the Senate was also to be had. And the Conquerour was to be cloathed in Purple, and Crowned with Laurel, holding a Scepter in his hand, and in this sort he was conducted to the Capitol of *Jupiter*, where some famous Oratour made a *Panegyrick* of his prowess.

What

What better *Allegory* can we draw from these prophane truths, than this of the *Victory*, which we ought to have of our *five Senses* (as of five thousand enemies) whose defeat is necessary to our triumph. These are the *five Victories*, which he must gain, that would acquire such *Trophies*, whose glory is taken away, neither by time nor *Death*.

*Still to wage war  
against our passi-  
ons, is the way to  
live in peace.*

This consent of the Senate is the Authority of *our reason*, which alone gives value and esteem to our actions, and 'tis of her that we may learn the means in obeying her command over our passions, and by the conquest of this sway, triumph over *ourselves*, which is the bravest victory of the World.

These Scepters and Crowns are so many marks of Sovereignty, which remain us in propriety after subjection of so many fierce enemies. *Heaven* is the Capitol, whither our good works conduct us in triumph, and where the voyce of Angels serves for Orators, to publish the Glory of our deeds, whose Renown remains eternal.

These great *Roman Captains*, which made Love to Vertue, though with-

*'Tis not all, to love  
Vertue; 'tis the pra-  
ctice.*

out perfect knowledge of it, have sought for Honour and Glory in the overthrow of their enemies : but they could never find the shadows of solid Honour, which thus they sought ; from whence it came to pass, that they have fashioned to themselves divers *Chimera's*, for to repast their fancy too greedy of these cheating objects. Not that there is no glory in a Conquest : but 'twas their ambition led them along in Triumph, amidst their own Triumphant.

What honour had *Cæsar* born away, if he had joyned to his Trophies the slavery of *Cleopatra* ? he had exposed to view a Captive Queen, who otherwise had subjected him to her Love-dominion. But if the for-

*He triumphs with  
an ill grace, o're  
whom his vice tri-  
umphs.*

tune of the war had delivered him this Princess, the fate of Love would have given, even himself into her hands. Infomuch, that the *Death* of *Cleopatra* immortalized the Renown of *Cæsar*.

*Asdrubal*, according to *Justin*, triumphed four times in *Carthage*, but this famous Theatre of Honour, where Glory it self had appeared so often upon its Throne, serves in conclusion for a Trophy to a Conquerour ; infomuch, that it buried at once the

Renown,

Renown, and Memory, even of those that had presented themselves *triumphant* *personages*.

To day *Memphis* is all Triumphant, and on the morrow this proud City is reduced to slavery. To day the report of its Glory makes the world shake, and on the morrow Travellers seek for it upon its own site, but find it not. O goodly *triumph*! O fearful *overthrow*! What continual revolution of the *wheel*! *Marcellus* shews himself at point of *day* upon a magnificent Chariot of *Triumph*, and at *Sun-set* his *Glory* and his *Life* finish equally their *carreere*. I mean, in the twinkling of an eye, *Fortune* takes away from him all those Laurel-wreaths which she had given him, and leaves him nothing at his *death*, but the regret of having liv'd too long.

*It may be some consolation in all our miseries, to see all else have their changes, as well as we.*

*Marius* triumphed diverse times, but with what *Tempests* was the *Ship* of his *Fortune* entertained? Behold him now elevated upon the highest Throne of *Honour*; but if you turn but your head, you shall see him all naked in his *Shirt*, half-buried under the mire of a common *Sink*, where the *light* of the *day* troubles him, not being able

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to endure the *Sun*, a witness of his misfortunes. Behold him first, I say, in all abundance of *Greatness*, and *Sovereignty*, whereof the *splendour* dazles the world; but stay a little, and you shall hear pronounced the sentence of his *Death*, being abandoned even of himself, having no more hope of safety.

How pompous and celebrious was the Triumph of *Lucullus*? In which, he rais'd admiration to the magnificence of an hundred Gallies, all-armed in the Prow; a thousand Chariots, charged with Pikes, Halberts, and Corselets, whose shocking rumbles sounded so high, it frightened the admirers, though they celebrated the *Festival* of the *Victory*. The number of vessels of Gold, and other ornaments of the Triumph, was without number. The Statue of *Mithridates* also of Gold, six foot high, with the Target all covered with precious Stones, serv'd anew to the Triumph. And of this *Glory* all the world together was an adorer; for the Renown of the *Conquerour* had diverse times surrounded the *Universe*.

But, what *shame* after so much *Glory*!

Great men cannot  
commit little faults.

what *infamy* after so great  
*Honour*! *Lucullus*, victori-  
ous over so many Em-  
pires,

pires, is found in fine subjected under the dominion of his pleasures : his valour has made many slaves every where, and yet his *fortishness* renders him in the end slave to his own passions. Infomuch, that after he had exalted the splendour of Rome's beauty, by his brave actions, worthy admiration, he again blouzeth its lustre by his excessive deboshes, all black with vice. And now 'tis in vain to seek for Lucullus triumphant; since he is only to be found overthrown in reputation, in which he survives; thus rendring himself doubly miserable.

We read of Epaminondas, that returning victorious from the *Leuctrians*, he received with regret the Present of the *honour of Triumph*, which the Senate had prepared

Plutarchus in Apophtheg. Reg. in Imp. Tristis sollicitusque circumivit urbem.

him; apprehending evermore the *deturn* of the *Wheel* : so that the next morrow after the *Festival*, he took on him *mourning habit*, to prepare himself betimes to suffer the change of his *Fortune*.

It is remark'd in the History of Demetrius, that entring in *Triumph* into Athens, the people cast flowers, and an infinite number of golden Globes up and down the streets, for a sign of a sumptuous congratulation.

lation. But what sign of *Vicissitude* and frailty could there be more apparent, than this, which these flowers represented, since there is nothing more frail in Nature than they? And these balls

shewed also by their round and still-rouling figure, that the Glory whereof they were the symbol, and *Hieroglyphick*, could not be firm, and stable, according as *Truth* it self soon after published by a sudden change, which rendred the fate of this Victor deplorable.

Consider a little upon the same subject, what revolutions hath the Ball of Empire

*In like respect also we are as Bowles, for still we rowl along to the grave.* made since the first *Monarch* let it fall at his *Death*. Is it not credible, that it hath run over di-

verse times the circuit of the Universe? and its figure instructs us, that in the inconstancy which is proper to all created things, it will still rowl incessantly from one to another; without ever staying, since its Centre is no where at all. For so long as the world shall endure, a continual vicissitude will be its foundation. And what means can there be to find a seat upon the earth, which

which may be sheltered from inconstancy, which reigns sovereignly and necessarily, as essential to all whatsoever subsists here below? *I have not been far, behold me upon return.*

*Tertullian* assures us, that in the Triumphs of the *Romans*, there was a man waged to cry aloud to the *Triumpher*,

*Remember thou art a Man.*

*Pliny* passeth farther yet, and tells us, that they were accus-

ed to put an iron Ring upon the *Conquerours* finger, in sign of servitude, as if silently to intimate

*Worldly honours are so many temptations, to make us idolize our selves.*

unto him, that he was besides himself, by an excess of vanity in this amplitude of honour, wherein he saw himself elevated above his companions. And upon the same subject, a great number of *Historians* do add, that about the Chariot of the *Triumph*, there were two men assigned, the one carrying a *Deaths-head*, the other the Image of a *Peacock*, and both continually crying,

**REMEMBER THAT THOU ART A MAN.**

Certainly, Vanity makes great price of us, then, when we are elevated to some eminent degree of honour. And though our heads

heads be but as of *dead mens*, for we are dy-

*Vanity is a dangerous enemy, since it betrays us while it seems to oblige us, by the complacence which it gives us.*

ing unceffantly, and our miseries resemble us to those Images of *Peacocks*, which cannot bear up train but upon ugly Feet: Yet our blindness is so great, and this Self-love so extream, that men are dazled with too much splendour, and a man becomes slave to himself by loving himself with too much passion. *Greatness and prosperity never let themselves be possessed, but to take greater possession of us.* And as they have allurements to charm us, and sweets to ravish us; a *Man* had need implore the succour of *Divine Grace*, if he would escape their pleasing tyranny; and nothing but flight from them, or contempt, can give us weapons to resist them. *Let us still return to the point.*

We read of *Judas Maccabæus*, that returning victorious from *Galilee*, the people conducted him to the Temple, by a way all tapistréd with flowers. *Abraham* after he had vanquished five Kings, was received in triumph into *Salem*, now called *Jerusa'em*.

*Judith* received the honour of triumph by the destruction of *Holofernes*, and all the people of *Bethulia* laden with palms, to make

make her triumphal wreaths, cryed out in her favour, *Behold the glory of Jerusalem, and the joy of all her Nation.*

*Joseph* shews himself in *Triumph* also upon the Chariot of *Pharaoh*, Gen. 41. 41, 42, &c. who puts his royal Ring upon his finger, gives him his chain of Gold, and makes him publickly to be acknowledged for the second person of *Egypt*.

*David* triumphs over *Goliath*, with a magnificence worthy of his victory, and the Virgins chant to his Glory, *Saul bath killed his thousands, and David his ten thousands.* 1 Sam. 18. 7.

*Mordecai* also had his turn of triumph, mounted upon the horse of *Abasuerus*, and had his praises Heraldized by *Haman*, in these terms : *Thus shall it be done to the man, whom the King will honour.* Esther 6. 11.

All these triumphs are worthy of admiration, I avouch it : but the *Triumph* over our selves is worthy astonishment, as having to combat our passions, and consequently the winning'st enemies of the world ; I say, the winning'st, or the pleasing'st, since they guard themselves only with such kind of weapons, whose hurtings make us often sigh rather for joy than grief. Certainly,

Certainly, the *Victory of reason* over all the revolted faculties of our souls, merits alone the honour of a triumph; and what advantage soever a man hath over his enemies, he himself is yet still vanquishd, if his vices be not subdued. *I pursue my design.*

They which have enthronized *Vertue* in their breasts, have laid their foundations upon the ruines of their passions, to testify to us, that a man cannot be vertuous with their predominancy. And after essay of diverse means upon design to vanquish them, I have found none more powerful, than this, *The Meditation of Death*; but if any doubt this, the tryal of it will be profitable for him.

How is it possible that a *Man* should let himself be mastered with the passion of *Revenge*, if he but muse of that Vengeance, which his sins may draw down every moment upon his head, as being every hour in an estate to die? He shall hear rumble in his ears the thunder of Divine Justice, by the continual murmur of his sighs, which advertise him of the approaches of *Death*. What courage can he have to avenge himself, being upon point himself to suffer the torment of eternal vengeance?

Thou that art *Vindicative*, wilt thou then  
quench

quench the ardour of thy *Choler*, feel thine own pulse, and consider that their petty slow seaver, wherewith thou art stormed, leads thee by little and little into the grave.

Who can be *Ambitious*, if musing of Death; since he must quit all with his life? Let us ponder a while the fate of those arrogant spirits, which have mused them-

*It is more honour for a man to avenge himself of his choler, than of his enemy.*

selves to conquer the vain greatnesse of the Earth. What hath been in fine their share at the end of the carriere? They have had nothing but unprofitable regrets to have so ill employed their time, finding themselves so poor with all their treasure, as if they had been born the wretched<sup>st</sup> of the world. Thou *Ambitious one*, wilt thou be cured of the disease of thy passion? think each hour of the day, that that which thou now hearest strike, may be thy *last*.

Who would sigh for *prophane love*, after these objects of dust, and ashes, if he often considered, that he himself is made of nothing else, and that this noysome and corruptive matter seeks nothing more, than abysses of the grave, there

*Mortal frailty brings blawish to the fairest visages, and mightily takes from their opinion, being well considered.*

to

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to hide within its loathsomness? In effect, who would give his flesh a prey to pleasures, if he would consider that the worms do in expectation make their fees thereof already. *The meditation of Death, serves for temperament to all sorts of delights.* And if a Man be capable of love in this *maze*, it cannot be other than of his *Salvation*, since this object is eternal, but all others of the world perishable. Infortunate Lovers search the solace of your immodest passions in the *Anatomy* of the subject whereof you are Idolaters. Be assistant at that *dead view*. *Think of your own Death.* Behold you are cured.

What wretched rich man would be so much in love with his treasures, if he would

*He which considers of that wretchedness which is adjunct to Death, easily misprizes the riches of this life.*

consider, that *Death* robs him from them every day, making him die continually, and that at the end of the term of his life, he carries along with him

but the *good*, or the *evil* which he hath done, to be either *recompenc'd* or *punished*, but with a glory or a punishment, whereof *Eternity* alone must terminate the continuance? *Covetous Misers*, the only means for you to be *so* no more, is to celebrate your own funerals by your *Meditations*, and often

to

to consider the *Account*, not of your riches, but *that* which you must render one day of their fruition, since your *Salvation* depends thereon.

Who, in fine, would make a God of his Belly, seeking with passion all the delights, which may tickle the sense of *Taste*, if he represented to himself the *miseries* of the body, which he takes so much pains to nourish, and the rigour of those inviolable decrees, which destinate him a prey to the *worms*, and the remains of their leavings to *rottenness*? This consideration would be capable to make him lose both appetite, and desire, at the same time, to nourish so delicately his carcass. O *souls* all of *flesh*, repasting your selves with nothing *else*, there is no invention to make you change nature, but this, to *bear* your selves dye by the noyse of your *sighs*, to *see* your selves dye by the *wrinkles* which furrow every day upon your visages, and to *feel* your selves dye by the beatings of your pulse, which *indexeth* this your *bedtick* feaver, wherewith you are *mortally* attainted. This is a *Probatum* remedy, the experience thereof is not dangerous.

May not a man then maintain with much reason, that the thought of *Death* alone is capable to cure our souls of the disease of

H

their

*If a man should forget all things else but the miseries of his condition, this last were enough to exercise the weakest memory.*

their *passions* in dosing them both the Means, and the *Vertue* to triumph over them. But if of this you desire an example, call to mind that, which I have proposed you in the beginning of the Chapter. How marvellous is it that a great *Monarch*, who is able to maintain all manner of pleasure in his heart, with all the delights which accompany it; celebrates himself his *Funerals* in midst of his carreere of life, beginning to raign at the end of his raign, since that last object is alwayes present before his eyes. His *Passions* do assail him, but he vanquisheth them; they give him combate, but he leads them in triumph, and buries them all together in the *Tomb*, which he prepares himself. Consider a little the glory which is relucient in this action.

We read of the Kings of *Arabia*, that they triumphed upon *Dromedaries*, the Kings of *Persia* upon *Elephants*, of *Croatia* upon *Bulls*, the *Romans* upon *horses*; and yet 'tis remarkt of *Nero*, that he made himself be drawn in triumph by four *Hermaphrodite Mares*, *Camillus* by four white *Horses*, *Mark Antony* by four *Lions*, *Aurelian*

lian by four Harts, *Cæsar* by four Elephants, *Heliogabalus* by four Doggs.

Moreover, the Poets do assure us, that the triumphant Chariot of *Bacchus* was drawn by Tygers, *Neptune's* by Fishes, of *Thetis* by Dolphins, *Diana's* by Harts, of *Venus* by Doves, *Juno's* by Peacocks.

*This Vanity is a most contagious malady, and the only preservative is, the remembrance of death.*

All these objects of pomp, and magnificence, whereof Histories and Fables would eternize the vanity, have for all that done nothing but pass away, and though a little remembrance of them stay with us; 'tis but the memorial of a *Chimera*, and of a phantasm, since it preaches nothing else to us, but the ruine, and non-entity, of that which hath been otherwhile. O how glorious a triumph is it, when we our selves are encharioted over our pas-

sions now enslaved and subjected under the Empire of *Reason*? There is

*These things ruminated on, will make us wise.*

nothing so glorious, there is nothing so magnificent: For these Dromedaries, these Elephants, these Bulls, these Horses, these Hermaphrodite Mares, these Lions, Stags, and Tygers afore-mentioned, are but brute beasts, which draw along in train after

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them others as brutish as themselves, as suffering themselves to be transported with vanity, which only reduceth them to this beastly-semblant vanity. *Let us turn our face into another side.*

*SABELLICUS* in his *ENNEADS*, actively perswades us to believe, that the *Christians* of *Æthiopia* do carry in their processions, great vessels full of ashes,

*Let the fire of Divine Love glow upon our ashes.*

to emblemize apparently the frailty of our nature. But may not we say upon too much reason, that *we are earthen vessels* full of ashes; and what object more sensibly can be presented before our eyes, to shew us the truth of our miseries, than *this* of our selves? From *Earth* is our production, and the *same* serves us with nourishment, and for sepulture also, as if ashamed the *Sun* should afford his light to our wretchedness.

Make me then every day *Funeral processions*, or at least visit in meditation every hour our *Tomb*, as the place where our bodies must take so long abode, Celebrate we our selves our own *Funerals*, and invite to

*The thought of our end is a sovereign remedy against our passions.* our Exequies, *Ambition, Avarice, Pride, Choler, Luxury, Gluttony, and all the other*

other *Passions*, wherewith we may be attained, to the end, to be Conquerours, even by our own proper defeat : For when a *Man* yields to the *Meditation* of *Death*, then *Reason* commands *Sense*; All obey to this apprehension of frailty, and feebleness. Pleasures by little and little abandon us, the sweets of life seem sour, and we can find no other quiet, but in the hope of *that*, which Truth it self hath promised us, after so much trouble.

*Proud Spirits* : be ye Spectators of this *Funeral Pomp*, which this great *Monarch* celebrates to day : He invites the Heaven and the Earth to his *Exequies*, since in their view he accompanies his pourtrayed *Skeleton* unto the *Tomb* : his *Body* conducts thither its *shadow*, the original the painted figure in attendance. till a *Metempsychosis* be made both of one and t'other. O glorious action ! where the *Living* takes a pride to appear *dead*, as dying already by its own choyce, as well as necessity. O glorious action ! where the *Triumph* takes a glory in the appearance of his overthrow. O glorious action ! where all the honour depends upon the contempt of the worlds honour. O glorious action ! where *Garlands* of *Cypress* dispute the preheminnence with *Laurel*

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and *Palm*. O glorious action! where the Conquerour under-going the Laws of Nature, elevates himself above it, making his puissance to be admired, in his voluntary weakness. But I engage myself too far in't.

*Herodotus* remarks, that the Queen *Semiramis* made her Sepu'cher be erected upon the entrances of the principal Gate of \* *Babylon*.

the \* *City*, to the end, that this sad object of wretchedness might serve for a School-master to passengers, to teach them the Art, to know themselves. O blessed Lesson is that, which the Tombs can afford us. O gracious Science is that, which they instruct us.

*Strabo* testifies, that the *Persians* made No better School Pipes of dead mens bones, than the Church- which they used at Festivals, to the end, that the sad harmony which issued thence, might temper the excess of joy.

But may not we say our Lungs to be to us such kind of Whistles, and that our dolorous sighs, which produce thence the harmony, are capable to moderate the violence of our contentments? A strange thing it is, that all the animated objects, which are affected by our senses, bear the Image of Death, and yet we never think but of Life.

Let

Let our eyes but fairly turn their regards on all sides, *All that lives*, they may see *dies*; and what has no *life*, passes away before 'em. Our ears are tickled with the sweet harmony of Voyces, or Instruments; or Tabors, or Trumpets: But these *sounds* are but Organs spirited with *blasts*, whose borrowed wind is lost, when the motion ceaseth; and there behold the *fall* of their *life*. And for *Instruments*, 'tis true they warble delightfully, yet their *melody* is often *dolefull* to the *mind*, when it considers that it proceeds from certain guts of dead beasts, which Art hath so contrived. *Tabors* being of the same nature, must also necessarily produce the same effects, and *Trumpets* also do but *sob* in our ears, since their *clangor* is forced only by the violence of a *blast* of *fights*: Our *Taste* cannot satiate the hunger of its appetite, but with dead and breathless things: and all our other senses are subject to the same necessity. Insomuch, that *Death* environs us on all sides, though we be alwayes her own; and yet we never *think on't*, but in extre-

*The object of our nothingnesse has a grace and allurement capable to ravish the best spirits.*

*Death is ever present, and at hand, to our heart, but still absent from our memory.*

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*mities* : as if we were only to learn at the last instant, that we are *Mortal*, and the *hard experience* which we make 'on't, were the only *Lesson*, which by *Nature* is given us.

L O R D, render me capable, if it please thee, of this *Science*, which may *effectually* teach me the Art, *To know my self*; to the end, that this knowledge may represent to me alwayes the reality of my wretchedness. Make me that I may see my self, may understand and feel my self *to die* every *moment* : but so, that I may see it with the eyes of my *heart*, *perceive* it with the eyes of my *soul*, and feel it by the *sense* of my *conscience*, therein to find my repose and safety. I know well, that *Nature* mourns uncessantly the *death* of its works, which are devoured every hour by *Time*; and though no where thus can I see but *Sadness* it self, yet ne'retheless remain I insensible of the horreur of these objects; and though they be terrible, my spirit is not affrighted. *Render* me therefore, if it please thee, *render* me fearfull, and make me even to tremble in thinking of it, since the thought of it is so important, suffer me not to *live a kind of death*, without meditating of *that life* which is *exempt* from *death*, and whereof *Eternity* is the Limit. All my votes do terminate at  
*this,*

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*this*, and all my *wishes*, which I address to thy bounty, that I may one day see the effects of my hopes. *Let us advance on our first proposition.*

O how *celebrious*, and glorious is the *Triumph* over our *Selves* ! Let us leave the *Lau-*  
*rels*, and *Palms*, to those famous *Conque-*  
*rours* of *Sea* and *Land*.

Their *Crowns* are now *A Man hath no*  
metamorphosed into *dust*, *greater enemy than*  
their *Renown* into *wind*, *Himself.*

themselves into corruption, and for a sur-  
plusage of mishap after the conquest of the  
whole world, *they die* in the miseries, where-  
unto they were born.

*Cyrus* could not bound his ambition less,  
than to the vast extension of the *Universe* :  
and yet a \* *simple woman* \* *Tomyris.*

only prescrib'd him an  
allay, and placed his *head* in the range of his  
own *Trophies*. *Arthomides* plays *Jupiter* up-  
on *Earth*, his *Pourtrait* is the only *Idol* of  
his subjects : and yet one  
turn of the wheel casts  
him a sacrifice upon the  
same *Altar*, which he  
had erected to his glo-  
ry : his life glistening  
with triumphs, but his

*There is nothing*  
*more vain, than*  
*Vain-glory ; 'tis a*  
*body without soul or*  
*life, having no sub-*  
*sistence, but in ima-*  
*gination.*

death in such a ruine, clouded even the memory of his name. All those stately *Triumphers*, of whom *Antiquity* trumpets-out wonders, have had no other recompence of their labours, but this *vain* conceit, *that one day men would talk of them*. But what felicity is it to be *praised* in *this* world, to which they are dead, and *tormented* in the other, wherein they live even yet, and ever. *I care very little, that men should talk of me after my Death; the esteem of men is of so small importance, that I would not buy it so dear, as with a wish only*. It behoves to search reputation in the *purity* of the *conscience*, if a man would have the glory of it *last for ever*. The Renown of a good man is much greater, than that of *Cesar* or *Alexander*; for this hath no other foundation, than the soyle where it was sowed, and where the goodliest things display themselves like flowers, and like flowers also have but a *morning flourish*: But the other having for a firm stay *Eternity*, this object ennobleth it to perfection: and thus desiring nothing else but Heaven, it remains to us at the end for recompence.

*The Renown of a good man only lasts alwayes.*

*Blondus* in his *Treatise of Rome*, in its triumphant

triumphant glory, reckons up three hundred and twenty triumphs, all remarkable: but where are now these Poms, these Magnificences, this infinite number of Trophies, and a thousand other ornaments, which rattled out their glory? Where are I say these Conquerours? where are their slaves? their Idolaters, their admirers? These poms have but flash'd like lightning, and so passed away with the day, that accompanied their lustre. These Magnificences have been but seen; and so took their passage in flight. These Trophies being only bravadoes of the time, Time's inconstancy made them vanish in an instant, and all those other ornaments made but ostentation of their continual vicissitude, as being an inseparable accident of their nature. These vanquishers only had the name on't, since *Death* led them away also in triumph, for all their triumphings. Their *Captives* were rather slaves of the miseries whereunto they were born, than so by the absolute power of him who *captived* them. Their Idolaters have been immolated to the fury of years, which spare none; and their admirers have incurred the same fate with the subject, which they

*It is some comfort  
yet to a wise man,  
though himself fade  
away, to see that all  
things else do so to.*

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they admired : Infomuch, that of all together, remains nothing but a faint remembrance, which as it waxeth old, is effac'd by little and little out of memory ; and scarcely will it subfist so much in the imagination, as to be in the end buried among

*Since Eternity only triumphs over time, we should only strive to attain that.* fables. Behold here the *Anatomy* of the glory of the world, see the true pourtraicture of its false Image. Contemplate, meditate, you will avouch with me, that *All is full of vanity.*

O how stately and magnificent is the Triumph of Ages ! what Trophies may a man see at their ever-rowling Chariot ? what Conquerours are not in the number of their subjection ? what sovereign power can resist their violence ? what newer Triumph than this of years ? Who can give in account the number of their victories, unless the captives which *Death* serves in for their Trophies ? What newer triumph again evermore than of *moneths*, of *dayes*, of *hours*, and *moments* ? For consider to your self, how many Kings, Princes, and Lords, die in one age in all the places of the world. All these vanquishers are vanquisht, and led in triumph to the grave. Every year makes its conquest apart, gives battel, and carries away

away the victory over so many, and so many men, that hardly can one conceive so lamentable a truth; Moneths, Dayes, Hours, and Moments,

*A Righteous Man only stands exempted from the terror of death.*

triumph in their courses; who can number all those who died yesterday out-right, or are dead to day? Nay more, how many die at this *hour*, and at this *very instant*, that I entertain you with this discourse. And all these defeats of *mortality* mark out to us the triumphs, whereof time only bears away the glory: But let us not pretend to share in't, 'tis not worthy our Ambition. Let *Ages, Years, Moneths, Days, Hours, and Moments*, triumph over us:

Vertue alwayes limits their puissance, and with it we may prescribe a bound to all these Trium-

*A good Conscience is ever under shelter from all the instant tempests of Age.*

phants. Fair leave may they take to rui-  
nate outward beauty, but *that* of innocence  
is of proof 'gainst all their strokes. Well  
may they impair outward graces; but those  
of Heaven contemn their assaults. No  
doubt they may change the visage of all  
the *marvels* of *Art*, and miracles of *Nature*:  
Our Resolution is a rock in midst of all  
their storms, and may remain alwayes it

self

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self without undergoing other rules than its own. So that thus we may lead Time it self along in triumph, if we live for nothing more than for *Eternity*.

I scorn the Tyranny of Ages, my aim is beyond 'em all. I despise the power of years, my Ambition raigns already out of their reach. Let

*He which lives for eternity, dreads no death.*

Moneths, Dayes, Hours, and Moments, entail all things along with them; I for my part franchise their carreere, since my scope is much more farther yet. Let them triumph fully, my very defeat shall lead them in triumph at the end of their term, for the *Eternity* whither I aspire, already assigns out their tomb. *Let us stay no longer in so cragg'd a way.*

The Emperour *Trajan* caused his Sepulcher to be enframed in the midst of *Rome's* greatest place, as upon a stately Theatre, on which his successors were to act their

*Serius aut citius  
metam properamus  
ad unam.*

parts. Every man dies for himself; *Sooner or later we must arrive to the place, to which uncessantly we walk.*

Be it to morrow, or to day, at the end of the term all is equall. Nor old nor young can mark the difference in their course, be-

ing arrived to the end of their carriere, for a hundred Ages when past, and one Instant make but the same thing. 'Tis only necessary to muse of our last gift in the grave, since thither we run till we are out of breath, from moment to moment.

The *Trojans* would have the burying-places of their Princes to be in the most remarkable places of the City, to the end, that this sad object might serve as a fixt *Memento* to remembrance them, that the Tragedy, which had been acted by these yesterday, might again be represented by some other to day.

*Places of burial are sad Theaters, where every day are acted none but Tragedies.*

The Philosophers know that objects move the faculties, and that according to the quality of their impressions, they work upon the spirits, which contemplate them. Let us say now, that of all the direful objects, which are presented to our eyes, there is none more powerful over our apprehensions, than this of the *Meditation of Death*, and the horreur of the Grave. The most courageous yield themselves to these assaults, the most valiant resist not their violences. All droop at approach of an enemy so redoubtable. But our defeat, if rightly carried, is more glorious than our Triumph.

What

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What success is this, by being overcome, to bear away the crown of victory? such submission is a mark of Sovereignty.

*Petrus Gregorius* tells us of the Emperour *Charles the fifth*, that he caused his winding head-kercher to be carried before him for a standard in all his Armies, six years before he died, to the end,

*If the meditation of death make not a sinner change his life, nothing will do it.*

that the continual object

of his greatness, might not be too powerfull to tempt him to misconceive himself.

We do the same every day, without thinking on it, for our *shirts* are in a manner as so many *winding-sheets*, which we carry alwayes with us in all places where we go: But if this sad object be not enough to moderate our ambition, and rebate our vanity, this voluntary is inseparable from pain, we must needs undergo the Law, which we impose upon our selves.

*L O R D*, suffer me not, if it please thee, so far to mistake my self, as never to come to the point of meditating of this blessed Decree, which thou hast imposed on me, to die one day. But illuminate my spirit with the light of thy Grace, which may stead me as a *Pharos*,

*'Tis best to let Death be welcome to us, since 'tis inevitable.*

to shew me the haven of the grave, where the ship of my life must put ashore. Make me also, if it please thee, to be ignorant of all things else, but the knowledge to live *well*, that I may also *dye so*; and thus, let the miseries which accompany me, the mishaps that follow me, and all the other afflictions which thy goodness hath subjected me to, be the ordinary objects of my thoughts, to the end, that I stray not from the way of my salvation. And now have I no other passion, but to see the effects of these prayers. *Let us go to the end.*

Those that have averred, that the world is to us an hostile Army, composed of so many Souldiers as there are objects in nature, capable to agitate the power of our passions, had very good reasons to defend the truth of their *Thesis*. These objects of it make war against us continually, with all the assaults, inventions, and stratagems of a cruel enemy. *Beauty*, that assaults our souls, by the way of our eyes, with as much cunning as force; for at first view, it amuseth the sense with admiration, by a slight of complacence, to which its sweets and allurements insensibly engage it. Afterwards the *Sensus Communis*, receiving the fair *Species* of the *Idea* of this fair enemy, presents them  
to

to the *Fancy*, the *Fancy* to the *Understanding*, which after it hath examined them according to its capacity, offers them to the *Will*, which by a natural apprehension finds it self obliged to love the subject from whence these amiables do proceed. And now then it is the *Cue* of Reason, either to condemn or authorize this love; but most often that becomes charmed it self, and we vanquish'd. Not that Reason is not sufficiently strong and powerful, but whereas its

*Our passions are the flattering'st enemies of the world, for they assault us with those semblant satisfactions to us, as may seem most agreeable; and thus they are most to be feared.*

force and vertue depends meerly upon Grace, the contempt which ordinarily it makes of this, renders both alike unprofitable. This is that which obliges us in all these conflicts, to implore the help of Heaven, rather than to trust upon our strengths, and evermore to have a jealous eye to this our subtile enemy, which yet can never get other advantage upon us, than that which our wretchedness suffers it to acquire.

*We cannot justly complain of our defeat, since it is voluntary.*

The very fairest objects of the world, may well inforce admiration, but not love, since love

cannot.

cannot be formed in our hearts, but by a powerful reflexion of the amiable qualities which are found in the subject, and in this it is necessary, that the Understanding do operate, and the Will consent. And this cannot be done without a free deliberation, which we absolutely authorize. Inſomuch, that we cannot be overcome, if we ruſh not into it with deſire of our own overthrow. And this not ſo neither, as if there were no trouble in the reſiſtance; but rather it is a way to acquire much more glory in the victory over beauteous objects, by the power of reaſon, which is more troubleſome and difficult, than that which one gets over an enemy by force of armes.

But the honour alſo ſurpaſſeth alwayes the difficulty, and what pain ſoever a man can poſſibly

take, the prize and crown at laſt can admit of no compariſon.

We muſt then bravely combate thoſe proud *beauties*, which make publick profeſſion to enchain our *hearts* in irons, and put our ſouls upon the rack, and let them ſee, to their confuſion, that the natural Magick of their charms is to us a new Art of Logick, which informs us to make Arguments,

*The rewards which God hath prepared after all our troubles, do infinitely ſurpaſs our deſerts.*

ments, both to give for granted their power, and yet destroy their force. Fair leave have they to *expose* to *view* their blandishments, and graces : the light of *Reason* produceth a livelier Day, whose lustre duskes the midday-splendour ; for by the aid of this light a man may see, that all their quaintnesses are but dawblings, their delicacies but artifice, and their attractives but only composed by distillatories. And how can one Idolatrize them then, after meditational presentment of these verities ? Behold the only means to prescribe a rule over these Sovereigns, who would impose it on the whole world. Not that this kind of combate requires force of courage, but rather of prudence, after first a misprise of them to fly away, and not to put the victory into hazard.

*He commands best,  
that can obey reason.*

There are yet other enemies, which render themselves as redoubtable as the former, such are *Ambition*, *Riches*, &c. what means is there to resist them, or, to speak better, to vanquish them ? they have no less allurements, and sweets, than the *beauties* afore-spoken of, and though the force of them be different, they cease not nevertheless, to excite and move the passions with all sort of violence.

*Ambi-*

*Ambition* has its particular delicacies, and charmes, to ravish mens hearts, and soveraignize over their souls; and I believe, that its Empire extends it self far beyond that of *Love*: for all the world is not capable of this latter *passion*, but of the other every man has a smatch from that defect, from our original, wherewith a man is tainted. And this passion is so much the more to be feared, as it is natural, and growing up with us in measure as we grow our selves. The means to vanquish it, is to study to *know ones-self*, and thus plainly to see the frailty of our foundation.

*Vanity is bred and born with us, but it is in our choyce, whether to let it ever keep us company.*

What *Ambition* can a man have, that knows the number of the greatest part of the miseries and mishaps which accompany his life? To what can he pretend, being not able to dispose of one only moment? Nay, what can he wish for beyond himself, since for any long time together, he has not strength enough to look down to his own feet? What high aim can he give his designs, since all his thoughts, his desires,

*It is the best Mystery of all humane trade, to learn to die daily, and in this Vocation, they that are active apprentices, are Masters.* and

and hopes, have their limited scope beyond his power, as depending upon the *Future*, whereof he cannot dispose. All lyes then in this, to know our Selves, that is, to consider the certainties thus sensible, both of our defects and infirmities.

The Passion for Riches is alwayes extreme, allowing no moderation in our hearts. It is a kind of hydropick malady, wherein thirst increaseth the more one drinks. A rich man of ten thousand pounds a year, wisheth thirty thousand, and if perhaps he see the effects of his desires, he soon conceives *new ones*, being never able to find content in the enjoyment of the goods which he already possesseth.

That temperament of spirit, which Philosophy teacheth us, to live *content* in whatsoever condition a man is in, is a vertue so chaste, that it suffers it self to be possesst by no body, in this age wherein we are; not that a man cannot enjoy it, but it is to be sought in the purity of the conscience, rather than in the world, where it is unknown but only barely in name.

This greedy passion of heaping treasure upon treasure, is so proper to our criminal and

and corrupt nature, that a man cannot guard himself from it, without a special help from *Heaven*. Since that robbery, which our *first Parents* made in the terrestrial Paradise, all our thoughts and hopes are so thievish, that they would rob the future of those goods, which we wish for them, making no esteem of those which we already possess; our hearts sigh uncessantly with impatience, in attendance of a new acquist. What remedy now is there to cure so contagious a malady, whose insensible dolour makes us often contemn a remedy? What means I say, to triumph over a passion so strong and puissant, and to which our nature it self lends a hand? It is certainly an action of study, where reason with time must get the advantage. It is necessary to consider every time that this desire to amass riches, doth press and force us; what shall we do with all these *treasures*, after we have heapt them up? To leave them to our *heirs*, it is to make them rich with our own loss, which they too perhaps will laugh at, in the possession. It is, I say, to damn our selves for others profit, as if we had never lived for our selves. To carry them into the grave with us, is to have

*Poverty of spirit is  
the greatest riches.*

have laboured for worms ; what shall then become on them ? We must of necessity leave 'em behind. O cruel necessity ! but

*It is the best providence in this world to lay up treasures for the other.* yet most sweet and pleasing in its continual meditation, since it teaches us to undervalue all that may be lost.

There are a great number of other passions, which may master us with the same violence, according to the disposition of the predominating humour which possesseth us ; such are *Choler, Envy, Detraction, &c.* but with the only force of Reason, assisted with the usual grace, which concurs in all good actions, we may easily be able to triumph over them.

We read of *Pyrauder King of Egypt*, that being one day in choler against one of his slaves, he heard a clap of thunder so terrible, that he became suddenly quite appeased ; as if he had had this thought, that the gods were angry with his fury, since they clamoured louder than he. Let us have often the same thoughts, but with more truth and illumination, every time that this blind passion would exercise over us its tyranny. My meaning is, that in the violentest heat of our *Choler*, we lend an ear

ear of imagination to the noise of the thunder of Divine Justice, that thus we may be appeased at the same time: *For what ground have we to be armed with fury, against our neighbours, when Heaven is animated with just vengeance against our selves?*

*It is a good method, first to fear God, then to love him.*

The Passion of Envy, as black as hell, and the most criminal of all together, proceeds from an invenomed mischievousness, to which nature contributes nothing at all. It is a devillish passion, whose fury and rage keeps the soul in fetters, and whose thievish jealousy robs away the goods of others in a hounding after them, and yet posses-  
*Envious men are most their own enemies, and rob themselves of their own quiet.*

sesses none of them. What means is there then to vanquish this untameable vice? No other but this, to consider the Justice of that *adorable Providence*, which imparts never its favours and graces, but with weight and measure. *God cannot do but justly, since his Justice is no other than himself.* Then if this man have ten thousand pounds a year, and I but one hundred, whereof can I complain? Shall I doubt the reason from Reason it self? shall I accuse Justice of inju-

stice? To take for granted, that the Sovereign of all does what he will, and the Almighty what he pleaseth, I will alwayes relye to that ballance which God bears in his hand, and by which himself weigheth his actions to the poize of his will, and consequently to the measure of his Justice. What objection can be made against this truth?

Envious *Maligner*, adore that, which thou

*The envious man is never in health, tortured with the He-lick Feaver of his ever-burning passion.*

canst not comprehend, and then instead of pining for the good, which thou enjoyest not; give thanks to Heaven for those which thou possessest: and how

small soever they be, they are ever great enough to amuze thee all thy life-long to the study of thankful acknowledgement.

The Passion of *Detraction* is easily overcome by a fresh consideration of our own proper defects: For, of all the Vices whereof we accuse one another, our hearts may convince us. If I call a man thief, am not I a greater thief than he, since against the Lawes of charity, I rob him of his Honour by this injury? Suppose he be a false villain, yet in calling him by this name, I betray the secret, which his fault should in charity impose

pose upon me. But if he be nothing so ; lo  
I my self am now a Traytor both at once  
of his reputation, and mine own conscience.

*It is more important  
to learn to hold ones  
peace, than to hold  
up the talk.*

There is no fault more unpardonable, than this of  
*Obloquy* ; and in that regard for a just ex-  
piation of this crime, it is fitting that the  
tongue which did the hurt, should give the  
remedy.

Thou *Detraكتور*, if thou canst not mode-  
rate thy passion, speak ill only of thy self,  
*Study* thine own vices, *Meditate* thine own  
faults, and *Accuse* thy self of them before  
Heaven, which is already witness of thy  
crimes ; and by this way of reproaching,  
thou shalt obtain one day to be praised e-  
ternally. *Behold me now at the end of the  
Chapter.*

After all these particular remedies with  
which a man may learn easily to resist the  
tyranny of the Passions, there is none more sove-  
raign than this of the *Meditation of Death*. All the

*He that often muses  
of Death, will eve-  
ry day learn to live  
well.*

rest abutt at this only, as the most authori-  
zed, by daily experience.

*Great Kings*, suffer your selves to be led  
in triumph by your own thoughts to the

grave, and by the way consider how your greatnesse, your riches, your delights, and all the magnificence of your Court, follow you step by step, being brought along by the same fate, whose absolute Tyranny spares none. And since you may *dye every hour*, think at the least sometimes of this *Truth*, to the end that *that hour* of your lifes *Dyal surprize* you not. Much good do it you to nourish up your selves deliciously, yet all these *Viands* wherewith you repast your selves *are empoisoned*, as containing in them the \* *four contrary qualities*, whose discord puts into skirmish your humours, and *this battel* is an infallible presage of your overthrow: well may you chase away *Melancholy*, by vertue of fresh *pleasures*, these *very contentments cheat away your life*, for though you think of nothing but how to pass away the *time*, it *passes* ere you think on it, and *Death* comes before you have foreseen his arrival. Well may you cocker up your bodies, content your senses, and satiate the appetite of your desires: the Taper of your

\* Caliditas, Humiditas, Frigiditas, Siccitas.

life has its limited course, as well as that of the day. Every man pursues his

*Pleasures make us grow old as well as griefs.*

carreere,

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carreere, according to the inviolable Laws of Heaven, which hath assigned them out at once, both the way, and the bounds. Suffer *Time* to lead you by the hand to the *Tomb*, for fear he hale

*Fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt.*

you thither. But in dying muse at least of that *Life*, which never shall have end. All the felicities which you have possessest, are vanished with the flower of your Age, and all those which you will yet enjoy, will fly away with the rest. What will remain with you then, at the last instant of your life, but an irksome remembrance, to have tasted a thousand pleasures, which are past, and to have lost so many

*Those pleasures cost very dear, which are worth nothing but repentance.*

means of having had others which would have lasted eternally. *Dis-invest* your selves then, for one hour every day, of all your greatness, and in the presence of your own selves, I mean in review of all your miseries, and mishaps, which are proper to you, *confess the truth of your nullity*, and of your *corruption*; By this search you shall recover your selves, and by this confession thus shall you *Triumph over your selves*.

A  
P R O L U S I O N

Upon the E M B L E M E  
of the last Chapter.

**V**iewing the ranges of a Library  
Of Dead men's bones pil'd in a Cæmetary,  
Great Alexander finds Diogenes,  
And thus they dialogue.

(Alex.) Cynick, among these  
Ruines of frail mortality, what do'st look?

**Diog.** For that wherein I fear to be mistook,  
I seek thy Father Philip's Scull among  
This pell-mell undistinguishable throng.

**Alex.** Let's see, which is it? shew me.

(Diog.) Sure 'tis that,  
Whose nose is bridge-faln.

(Alex.) Dead men's all are flat.  
**Diog.** Why then 'tis that where shrouds perpetual  
night,  
Cav'd in those hollow eye holes, void of  
sight.

**Alex.** Still all are so.

(Diog.) Why 'tis yond' skinless brow.  
Chap-faln, lip-sunk, with teeth-disfrank-  
ed row,  
Yond' peeled scalp.

(Alex.)

(Alex.) *Thus still are all alike.*

Diog. *So shall both You and I : and let this strike  
Thy knowledge Alexander, and Thy sense,  
'Twixt King and slave, once Dead, 's no difference.*

*L' envoy.*

There is no difference; *Death* Mors Sceptra ligonibus aequat. Her.  
hath made

Equal the Scepter, and the Spade.

No dreader Majesty is now

I'th' Royal Scalp, than Rustick brow.

Fair N E R E U S has no beauteous grace,

More than *Thersites'* ugly face,

Now both are dead, odds there is none

Betwixt the fair'st, and fowlest One.

Tell me among'st the hudled pile

Of *Dead mens bones*, which was ere while

The subtil'st Lawyer's, or the Dull

And *Ignoramus* Empty Skull?

Was yond' some valourous *Sampsons* arm?

Or one that ne're drew sword for harm.

Or wink and tell me, which is which,

*Irus* the poor, or *Cræsus* rich?

What are they now, who so much stood

On *Riches*, *Honours*, and high *Blood*?

There's now no Difference, with the *Dead*

Distinctions all are buried,

Onely the Soul as *Ill*, or *Well*,

Is Differenc'd or in *Heaven*, or *Hell*.



THE  
M I R R O U R  
WHICH  
FLATTERS NOT.

---

CHAP. IV.

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W<sup>H</sup>at a horrid Spectacle is this? What a frightful object? See you not this great number of *Dead Mens skulls*, which heaped one upon another, make a mountain of horror, and affright; whose balefull, and contagious umbrage, insensibly invites our bodies on to the grave. What a *Victory* is this over these? but what an inhumanity? but what a defeat? but what a butchery? May we not say, that fury and rage have assassinated, even Natures self, and that we now  
alone



· THIS CHART  
FIFTH CHART  
AT THE END

---

HART WILL BE THE  
CHART APPEARING  
E END OF THIS FILM.

---



alone remain in the world to celebrate its funerals by our lamentations, and regrets.

*Fathers, Mothers, Children;*

*Nobles and Plebeians,* *Death is a sever*

*Kings and their Subjects* *Fudge, and pardons none.*

are all pell-mell in this

stack of rotten wood, which Time like a covert, but burning, fire, consumes by little and little; not able to suffer that *ashes* should be exalted above *dust*.

*Proud Spirits*, behold here the dreadfull reverse of the medal. All these sad objects of mortality, and yet actively animated, with horreur and affright, by their own silence enjoin the *same* to you, thus to amuse your Spirits in the contemplation of their deplorable ruines. If you be *rich*; See here, those who have *possessed* the greatest treasures of the world, are *not now worth* the marrow of their own bones, whereof the worms have already shared the spoyl. If you be *happy*; The greatest favourites of fortune are reduced to the same *noysomness* as you see the filth that enrounds them. If you be *valiant*; *Hector* and *Achilles* are thus here overcome: Behold the shameful marks of their overthrow! If you be men of *Science*; Here lies the most learned of the world. 'Tis the *Epitaph* on their tomb, Read it.

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I grant moreover, You may be the greatest Princes of the Earth.

*Death may be continued, but not avoided.*

An infinite number of your companions are buried under these corrupted ruines. Suppose, in fine, that your Sovereignty did extend it self over all the Empire of the world ; a thousand and a thousand too, of your *Semblables*, have now nothing more their own, than that *corruption*, which devours, even to the very bones.

*Ambitious Heart* ; see here a *Mirrour which flatters not*, since it represents to the life the reality of thy *miseries*. Well mayst thou perhaps pretend the Conquest of the Universe ; even those, who have born away that Universal Crown, are now crowned but with *dust*, and *ashes*.

*Covetous Wretch* ; Behold the book of thy

*'Tis no wonder the Miser ne're thinks of Death, his thoughts are onely taken up for this Life.*

accounts, calculate all that is due to thee, after payment of thy debts : learn yet after all this, that thy *soul* is already mortgaged to devils, thy *body* to worms ; and thus, notwithstanding all thy treasures, there will not abide with thee one hair upon thy head, one tooth in thy chaps, nor one drop of blood in thy veins, nor ne're

so little marrow in thy bones : nay the very memory of thy being, would be *extinguish'd*, if thy crimes did not render it *eternal*, both here, and in the torments of hell.

*Proud arrogant man* ; Measure with thy bristled brows, the dilatation of the earth ; *Brave* with thy menacing regards the Heavens, and

*Pride is but like the Noon flourish of a flower, which at Sun-set perisbeth.*

the Stars. These *mole-hills* of rottenness, whereof thy *carkass* is shap'd, prepare to-

ward the tomb of thy vanity. These are the shades of *Death* inseparable from thy body, since it dies every

*Seneca Epist. Quotidie morimur, quotidie enim demitur aliqua pars vitæ.*

*hour*. If thou elevate thyself to day, even to the clouds ; to morrow thou shalt be debased to nothing. But if thou doubt of this truth, behold here a thousand witnesses which have made experience of it.

*Luxurious Wanton*, give thy body a prey to voluptuousness ; deny nothing to thy pleasures ; but yet consider the horror, and dreadfulnes of that *Metamorphosis*, when thy flesh shall be turned to filth, and even that to worms, and those still to fresh ones, which shall devour even thy coffin, and so efface the very last marks of thy Sepulture.

*H*

*How remarkable is the answer of Diogenes to Alexander? What art thou musing on, Cynick, sayes this Monarch to him one day, having found him in a Charnel-yard; I amuze my self here (answers he) in search of thy father Philips bones among this great number, which thou seeest; but my labour is in vain, for one differs not from another.*

*Great Kings; The discufs of this answer may serve you now as a fresh instruction, to insinuate to you the knowledge of your selves. You walk in triumph to the Tomb, followed with all the train of your ordinary magnificences: but by being arrived at this Port, blown thither with the continual gale of your sighs, your Pomp vanishes away, your Royal Majesty abandons you, your greatness gives you the last Adieu, and this your mortal fall equalls you now, to all that were below you. The dung-hill of your body, hath no preheminance above others, unless it be in a worse degree of rottenness, as being of a matter more disposed to*  
*Corruptio optimi pessima.* *corruption: But if you doubt of this truth, behold and contemplate the deplorable estate, to which are reduced your Semblables. Their bald scalps have now no other Crown, than the circle of bor-*

your, which environs them; their *dis-incarnated hands* hold now no other *Scepter* but a pile of *worms*; and all these wretchednesses together, give them to see a *strange change*, from what they were in all the *Glories* of their *Court*. These palpable and sensible objects, are witnesses not to be excepted against. Let then your souls submit to the experiment of your senses.

*The serious meditation is his miserable condition, as capable to make any man wise.*

But what a *Prodigy* of wonder is here! Do I not see the great Army of *Xerxes*, reduced and metamorphosed into a handful of *dust*? *All that world* of men in those dayes, which with its umbragious body, covered a great part of the earth, shades not so much as a *foot* on't with its presence. Be never weary of thinking of these important truths.

*Seneca* in the Tragedy of *Hercules* brings in *Alcmena*, with grievous lamentation, bearing in an *urn* the *ashes* of that great *Monster-tamer*; And to this effect makes her speak; Behold, how easily I carry him in my hand, who bore the *Heavens* upon his *shoulders*. The sence of these words

In Hercule Oetxo.  
Ecce vix totam  
Hercules Comple-  
vit urnam, quam  
leve est pondus  
mihi, Cui totus æ-  
ther pondus incu-  
buit leve?

ought

ought to engage our spirits to a deep meditation upon the vanity of things, which seem to us most durable. All those great Monarchs who sought an *immortality* in their Victories and Triumphs, have mist that, and found *Death* at last, the enjoyment of their Crowns and splendours, being buried in the same Tomb with their bodies. See here then a new subject of *astonishment*.

The Mathematicians give this Axiome,

*The world is a game at Chess, where every of the Set has his particular Name and Place designed: but, the Game done, all the pieces are pell-melled into the Bag: and even so are all mortals into the Grave.*

All lines drawn from the Centre to the Circumference are equall. Kings and Princes, abate your haughtiness, your Subjects march fellow-like with you to the Centre of the Grave. If life gave you preheminance; death gives them now equality. There

is now no place of affectation, or range to be disputed: the heap of your ashes; and their dust, make together but one *Hillock* of mould, whose infection is a horror to me. *I am now of humour not to flatter you a whit.*

We read of the *Æthiopians*, that they buried their Kings, in a kind of Lestall: and I conceive thereof no other reason, than according

According to the nature of the subject, they joyned by this action, the shadow and the substance, the effect with the cause, the stream with its source: for what other thing are we than a mass of mire, dried and baked by the fire of life; but scattered again and dissolved by the Winter of *Death*; and in that last putrefaction, to which *Death* reduceth us, the filth of our bodies falls to the dirt of the earth, as to its centre, for so being conceived in corruption, let us not think strange to be buried in rottenness.

*Earth, dust, and ashes*, remain still the same, be it in a vessel of gold, or in a coffin of wood, or in a *Mausolean Tomb* of marble. *Great Kings*, well may you cover your wretchedness, with a magnificent Sepulcher, they will for all this not

*'Tis well, men hide themselves after death in the Earth, or the enclosure of Tombs, their filth and noysomnesse would else be too much discover'd.*

*alier condition*, the noysomness of your bones is never without the abhorment, and putrefaction proper to them. And if (suppose) their mass be reduced into dust, and the wind carry it away, the very wings of the wind are laden with rottenness, and can scatter nothing else in a thousand places, where e're they fall. *I will a little straggle*

*cut*

out of the way without losing my aim.

*Fabius Paulus* reports, that upon the Tomb of *Isocrates*, there was a *Syren* seated upon a *Rim*, and holding a *Harp* in her hand. And this gave to understand, This famous *Oratour* charmed mens souls through their ears, by the sound of his admirable eloquence. But whereas no melodious air was heard from the mute *Harp* of this *Syren*, it was required of the *Spectators*, to

*How unsufferable is the vanity of men, who even upon their Tombs, will have the display of their vain glory?*

take for granted in imagination, the harmony of her sweet touches, as embleme of the sweetness of this great *Oratours* voyce : But *Death* imposeth silence on both, and thus remained they a sad sight, both in object, and mysteries contained under ; since now of these passages remains no more but a weak remembrance, and whereof Time by little and little, effaceth even the *Idea's*.

*Johannes Baptista Fontanus* relates, that upon the Sepulcher of *Q. Martius* there was graven a *Ram* supported upon the two fore-feet, and a *Hare* dead by its side. The *Ram* represented the generosity of this great *Captain* in all combats, and the dead *Hare*, his *vanquishd* enemies : But what honour

now remains him after their defeat? This vanquisher of an infinite number of miserable wretches, is at the last overcome with his own miseries. Though triumphant in a thousand combats, *one marble stone now contains all his Trophies*, and Glory. O deplorable fate! to have but seven foot earth, after conquest of the greatest part of the earth.

*Plutarch* assures us, that upon the Tomb of *Alexander*, there was represented in Emblem, *Asia* and *Europe*, appearing vanquish'd, and in the chains of their captivity, with this motto, which served as a fresh Trophy, *The Victory of Alexander*. O poor victory! O sorry triumph! for where are now its Laurels, and Palms? *This Great Monarch* conquered the whole world, but being never able to conquer his *Ambition*, *This* in the end, hath taken away all the Glory, which it made him acquire. *Great Princes*, advance then on to the conquest of the *Universe*, but I advertise you one thing, All those that are

*The misprize of the world is more glorious than all its honour.*

returned from the same action, have much repented themselves, to have taken so great pains for so small a matter. \* *The Game's not worth the Candle*, as the

\* *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

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*Proverb* is. But if you love the Conquer, and triumph; your passions will furnish you with such subjects every hour. *Let's once see the end of our carreere.*

We read of *Cyrus*, that he caused to be engraven these words upon the stone of his Monument, *HERE LYES THE CONQUEROUR OF THE PERSIANS*: But what excess of mishap could have reduced so great a Monarch to such an excess of wretchedness? Must it be said, *Here lyes*, of one that lately stood so triumphant? Would he have men admire his past glory in view of that vault, where he was entered? would he have men adore the magnificence of his Life upon the same *Altar*, where *Death* exhibits him as a *Victim*? Is not this a vanity more worthy of compassion, than envy?

The *History* of the life of *Themistocles* was to be read upon the marble of his Sepulcher, but 'twas forgotten, there to depaint also

*'Tis but a poor satisfaction to have for recompence of so much pains, but the ostentation of a glorious Sepulcher.*

the Story of his *Death*. *Behold*, the high deeds of *Themistocles*, this was the Inscription. But to us it may be of importance to consider, that although the wonders, which he had done, were onely graven

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graven upon the Port of his Monument; yet for all that, they also made their entry into it, and followed the fate of their Author: so that now rests nothing of *Themistocles*, but *Name*, for of all that he hath done, the wind hath carried away the glory, and the small remembrance on't, which sticks by us, is but a pourtraict of *vanity*.

There was represented upon the Tomb of *Joshua*, the *Sun* with this Inscription, *Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon.* True it is, the *Josh. 10. 12.*

*Sun* stood still in the mid<sup>d</sup>st of his carreere, to give full Triumph to this great Captain over his enemies: But after *they* were overthrown, this *Planet* jealous of his glory conducts him also to his grave, as not enduring to see any thing upon earth, as durable as it self. So true it is, that  
*all things here flit away, There is no course*  
*with the swiftness of a Tor-* *swifter, than that*  
*rent; though their flight* *of Life to Death.*  
*to us seem much more slow.*

The *Epitaph*, which some \* writings report us of *Adam*, has not  
so much splendour and \* *Sit fides penes*  
magnificence, as the o- *Authorem.*  
thers. *He is dead*, sayes his *Epitaph*, speak-  
ing this only of him. O excellent *Epitaph!*  
Men

Men shall say no more of you one day, *Great Kings*. Well may you with *Q. Martius* come off victorious from all combats, and enter in triumph into Cities with *Alexander*. Well may you cause to be insculp'd the History of your *Acts*, upon the marble of your Sepulchers, like as *Themistocles*; and well may you *Sub-pæna* the *Sun* for a witness of the reality of your triumphs, like *Joshua*; Yet for all this, men shall say no more of you, than was said of *ADAM*, *HE IS DEAD*. *They are dead*, and there is all.

The Epitaph of *David* composed by some, from consequence of Scripture, is worthy remark: *Here lyes the invincible Monarch, who in his child-hood overcame Bears, in his adolescence Lions, in his youth Gyants, and in his age himself. Travellour, envy not his repose, for thou art in the way to it thy self.* These words are exprest in a near regard to the sence of those, which are couched in *Scripture* upon this subject; and I thereto can add no more than this discourse of my astonishment, and rapture.

What! so great a Prince as *David*, favoured by Heaven, and redoubted upon Earth, and so endowed by Nature: shall he glympse out a little but like a flash of lightning, and pass away like a puff of wind?  
where

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where then shall a man find constancy and assurance? What can be the site and foundation of all these our new wonders of the world, whose beauty seems to contest for lustre with the very Sun? O

*Inconstancy is the only foundation of created things.*

LORD, to me it is a most agreeable consolatation, to see in my race to the Tomb, how all things follow me. I am well apaid, that there is nothing here below durable, but thy Word alone, since this makes me hope for an Eternity, which shall never be subject to the inconstancy of times. Let all things LORD change with me, and thus I love this change; for in rowling along, from time to time toward the grave, I still approach towards thee, and consequently to my soveraign repose, and last felicity. Let us follow our first traces.

The first Epitaph which was put upon Tombs, was that of the fair Rachel, as is partly remark'd from Scripture, and Borchardus Gen. 15. 20. assures us it was a Pyramid, which Jacob erected; sustained upon a dozen precious stones, with this Inscription.

HERE LIES BEAUTY AND  
LOVE.

Ladies,

Ladies, let your sweetness and blandishments now change language, and let them tell us no more that you are fair, since *Beauty* is buried in the Tomb of the fair *Rachel*: But if you make *bravado* of your crisped hairs, whose glittering charms dazle the eyes, and captivate mens souls at once: Her bright locks dispersed into a thousand golden wreaths, had the power to enchain mens hearts, and yet her vertue was to despise this power. But for all this, notwithstanding,

*Ladies, if you be fair to day, there is a to morrow when you shall not.*

standing, Nature was never able to exempt from rottenness this *Mistris*, or *Master-piece* of the works of her hands. Suppose that Majesty it self has no better *Mirrour* than from the clear reflections of your Ivory fore-heads: *Rachels* was so perfect, that it is in vain to seek terms to express its accurateness, and yet now it is nothing but ashes, if so much.

Let your Eyes (suppose) be more clear and beautiful than the Sun, able to make a rape upon mens liberties, and enamourate the sternest hearts; those of *Rachel* were so admirable and bewitching, that she her self redoubted their force and power. Looking her self in a *Mirrour*, her own eyes enflamed her, and of this pleasing heat, she apprehended

apprehended the influence, being her self even tempted to desire it:

But for all this, those two sparkling Wonders, quickned with Natures sweetest, and most amiable graces, are now nothing but rottenness and corruption.

*All the tenures of bodily perfections are held of time, whose inconstancy steals away with them every moment.*

Be your Cheeks half Lilies, half Roses; your lips Carnation Gilly-flowers; your teeth Orient Pearl; your bosome purest Alabaster, and all these lovely parts enlivened with a spirit divine: fair Rachel possessest all these perfections soveraignly, and more than ever you saw, or wisht, as elevated above your knowledge. But (*O mishap!*) she her self, in whom all these rare beauties were united, and assembled, is now no more ought at all; or if she be somewhat, it can be but a little dust, and earth, and ashes, which the worms keep possession of, in deposite. *O fearful Metamorphosis!*

*Every thing fades sooner in us, than vanity and sin.*

Ladies, will you yet presume your selves fair, after you have thus now assisted in imagination and thought, to the funerals of *Beauty* it self; after you have read, I say, the Epitaph, which Truth it self hath written

ten upon her Sepulture. I grant you have a thousand sweets, and graces : yet now at least confess ye, that these blandishments are but of so thin aerial worths, that the wind carries them away, as if they were composed of nought else ; for scarcely have they birth, but you see them decay, and then the misprises, that each one makes of them, renders them more capable to produce pitty than love.

It is remarked in the life of that happy *Francis Borgia*, of the Society of the Jesuites, that being engaged in the world to seek a fortune, although the greatness of his birth, and merits, were of very great consideration ; the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth committed to his charge the dead body of his Dear Spouse, to be conducted and carried to the Sepulcher of her Ancestours, which he undertook, holding for an excess of Honour the Commandment which he had received, and the particular choice which his Majesty had made of his person. But then, when being arrived to the place, where were to be performed the last Exequies of this Princess, they were desirous to visit the Corps, according to the ordinary formalities accustomed to be practised in an action so important. Never was seen so much

much horreur, and dismay, as upon over-  
ture of the Coffin, on the  
countenances of the Spe-  
ctators. They look for  
the body of this Princess  
in his presence, and it is  
not to be found, for none  
can know it; her visage,  
heretofore full of blan-  
dishments, and all the  
Graces, both of Majesty,  
and Sweetness, is now but  
a heap of filth, whereof  
the worms in swarms,  
and still encreasing, keep the Court of guard  
upon the putrefaction. And the rest of her  
body is still a fresh stock for these vermine,  
who have now already reasonably well sa-  
tisfied their hunger with this prey.

Even those that enwrapped this Prin-  
cess in her winding linnen, dare not main-  
tain 'twas she; and he to whose care the  
body was deposited, knows not what to  
say, finding himself so confounded, and a-  
stonished with so suddain and affrightful a  
Metamorphosis, that he streight resolved at  
that instant, to quit the world, and develt  
himself of all his greatnesse, since they are  
not able to exempt the body from corrupti-  
on.

*There is no object  
more affrightfull  
than mortal misfe-  
ry, but the daily ha-  
bit of our sad ex-  
periences takes a-  
way the horreur.*

*But O the worm of  
Conscience is so  
weak souls much  
more dreadful, than  
those which devour  
the body.*

Ladies, suffer your selves to be no more surpris'd by vanity, you see to what extremity of horreur and misery, are reduceable your allurements and charms. The great-

*All beauties but of  
vertue are still  
changing.*

*est Princess* of the world, and one of the fairest as hath been, being now fallen from her Imperial

Throne into the grave, not one of her attendants can retain any knowledge of her in so short a space. The worms having effaced the lineaments of her resemblance, have inveloped it so deep into corruption, that no where else is it to be found, being but Rottenness. Reader, render up thy self to the hits of a Truth so sensible.

It is reported of *Semiramis*, that she caused to be put upon her Tomb this Inscription. *The King that shall have need of money, shall find within this Sepulcher as much as he would have of it.* And some time after, King *Darius*, transported with a violent passion of Avarice, caused this Sepulcher to be opened; but found within no other riches, than of so much gold as was necessarily imployed, in the engraving of these words. *Covetous wretch, which comest to disturb the repose of the dead, satiate thy greedy passion upon the treasure of my miseries,*

ries, since this object is powerful enough to make thee undervalue all the riches of the world.

*It is an insolence to the priviledges of nature, to trouble the repose of the dead*

You that are Covetous, enter often, at least in meditation, into Tombs; visit to such effect the Church-yards, and you shall find therein more riches than you wish for: considering the horreur of that rotten earth, wherein your semblables are entered, you will reason without doubt thus;

To what purpose at last will stand me all the treasures, which I amass up in my Coffers, if the very richest of the world be but earth, and ashes before my eyes? What shall I do at the hour of my death, with all the goods which I now possess, if even my body be a prey destinated to worms and rottenness?

LORD, I aim at nothing of this world, but that Glory alone, which a man may acquire by the contempt of it; but as it is a Glory, whereof the acquisition depends of Grace, more than my force; give me the Courage, if it please thee, to surmount all the temptations, which shall oppose themselves against my design of Victory, to the end, that

*All our hopes depend from grace, nothing from our selves.*

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my vows may be heard, and my pains recompensed. *I return to my self.*

When I consider, that all the world together, is but as it were a *Cæmilitary* or *Church-yard*, wherein, every hour of the day, some wretchedness, or other, brings to the grave those whom such their miserable condition hath destroyed; I have no more passionate desire of life, since evils and troubles are proprietaries of it rather than we. *Who can keep*

*He which meditates of another mans death, puts himself in mind of his own, since we are all slaves to the same fate.*

*account of the number of persons, that expire at this very moment, that I am now speaking to you, or the different deaths, which terminate the course of their carriere? All is universally dreadfull, and yet we quake not, either in horreur, or astonishment.*

A Walk into *Church-yards*, and *Char-nels*, though it be sad and melancholly, by reason of the dolefull *objects* there obvious, hath yet nevertheless something in it agreeable to content *good souls*, in the contemplation of those very objects, which they there find. How often have I taken pleasure to consider a great number of dead mens skulls arranged one in pile upon another, with

not.

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with this conceit of the *vanity*, and *arrogance*, wherewith other-while they have been filled? Some have had no other care but of their *Hairs*, employing the greatest part of their time, either to frizle or to *em-powder* them; and represent unto your selves, by the way, what *recompence* now betides them for all their *pains*. Others, all full of *Ambition*, had no other aims but at *Coronal-Wreaths*; consider a little in this their misery, the injustice of their *pretensions*.

I have remarked in sequel how a little *worm* did gnaw the *arm* of some late *Samson*, reducing thus all his force to an object of compassion, and wretchedness; since *that arm*, heretofore so strong, and dreadfull, had not now force enough to resist a little worm. Reader, muse often of these *truths*, and thou shalt find therein more joy than sadness.

*Tyotius* reports of *John Duke of Cleveland*, that to testifie the frailty of our Nature, and the miseries of our condition, he

In many of the Church-yards of France, are thousands of dead mens skulls and bones, piled up, as at St. Innocents at Paris, S. Croix at Odeans, &c. Meditation upon the vanities of life is a piece of serious felicity before death.

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had taken the Emblem of a Lilly, with this device :

*Hodie Liliū, Cras Nihilum.* *Hodie hoc, cras nihil.* It flourishes to day, to morrow 'tis nothing.

*Great Kings, your Life is like this Lilly,*  
*Even those things which seem most durable, have in effect but a morning prime like flowers.* it appears like this flower, at Sun rise with glittering and pomp ; but at noon its vivacity and lustre begins to fade ; and at the end of the day it vanisheth away with it, and scarce its being is remembred.

We read, in *Apianus*, of *Pompey*, that after he had triumphed over three parts of the world, he carried nothing away with him to the grave, but these words, *Hic finis est magnus Pompeius*, *Pompey is bere buried with all his Pomp.*

O World, how poor art thou, since thou hast but such a thing of nought to give ? O Fortune, how miserable art thou, when thy favourites are exposed to publick view, as objects of compassion ? Let him trust in them who will, a man shall never be able to escape their trumperies, but by despising their favours.

*Here lies Hannibal :* Behold all the honour, which posterity rendred to the memory

mory of so great a Captain. And Time, even jealous of the glory of his name, though not able to bury it in the Abysses of Oblivion, hath

*Time is as inexorable as Death, and neither of them spare any.*

yet devoured the very marb'le of his Sepulcher. Are not these things truths worthy to raise astonishment?

'Tis remarked in *Suetonius*, of one of the Roman Emperours, that being now at last gasp, and, as it were, at a bay with Death, he cryed out in excess of astonishment; *Fui omnia, sed nihil expedit: I have been all in all, but now it nothing helps me*, I have tasted all the pleasures of all the greatness of the world, but the sweets are changed into sorrows, and only their bitter disgust stays with me.

Experiment all the delights of the Earth, Great Kings, the distast will ever at last only remain to your mouths, and sorrows to your hearts; and if these do no good on you, a thousand eternal punishments will possess your souls. Represent to your selves, that all the felicities of Life, are of the same nature as that is; That decays every moment, and they flit away without cease. The con-

*Contentments cause in their privation as extreame discontent.*

tentments which men receive here below, are like the pleasures of the Chace, which are only relished running. *I draw to an end.*

*Belon* in his *Monuments of the Kings of Egypt*, sayes, that *they* were Entered with such a splendour of Pomp and Magnificence, that even those who had diverse times before been admirers of it, were for all that often in doubt, whether the people went to place the *corps* in the Throne again, rather than in their Sepulcher. O how ill to the eyes is the lustre of this sad kind of honour! For if vanity be insupportable barely of it self, these excesses of it put the spirits upon the rack.

*Diodorus Siculus*, speaking of the Tomb which *Alexander* caused to be erected, for his favourite *Ephestion*, assures that the magnificences, which were there to be admired, were beyond as well all value, as example. *Marble, Brass, Gold, and Pearl*, were profusely offered to most cunning Artisans, to frame thereof such works wherein *sadness and compassion*, might be so naturally represented, that they might affect the whole world with the like. *Diamonds, Rubies*, and all o-

ther *precious Stones*, were there employed, under the Image of a *Sun, Moon, and*

*Stars.*

*A man should never be angry with his hard fates; the decrees on't are inviolable.*

*Stars.* It seems this *Monarch*, blinded with Love, thought to hold the *Planets* captive in the glorious enchainments of those fair Master-pieces, as if he would revenge himself of *them* for their malign influences, which they had powred upon the head of his dear *Ephestion*. But this conceit was vain, for the *same Stars*, whose captivity he ostented upon this *Tomb*, conducted *him* also by little and little to his grave.

The *Romans* transported with passion, to honour the memory of the *Dictator Sylla*, caused his statue to be framed of a prodigious height, all composed of perfumes, and cast it into the *Funeral pile*, where his body, whereof this was also but a shadow, was to be burnt to ashes: Being desirous by this action, to give to understand, that as the odour of his *statue* disperst it self through all the City of *Rome*, the much more odoriferous savour of his peculiar vertues, would spread it self through all the world. But to go to the *rigour* of the *literal sence*, it is credible, they had not cast in this aromatical statue into the *stack*, but only to temper the excess of the stench of the body, which was to be consumed with it. And I proceed to imagine beside, that the odour of this statue, the cinders of his body, and all the Glory of

the actions of *Sylla*, had all the same fate; since the wind triumph'd over them altogether. *Behold the reverse of the Medal of Vanity!*

'Tis remark'd in the life of the Emperour *Severus*, by the report of *DION*, that he made to be set at the gate of his Palace an *Urn* of Marble, and as oft as he went in or out, he was accustomed to say, laying his hand on it; *Behold the Case that shall enclose him, whom all the world could not contain!*

*Great Kings*, Have often the same thoughts in your souls, if you have not the like discourses in your mouths, *The smallest vessel of earth is too great for the ashes of your bodies*, which shall remain of them, after the worms have well fed on them: for the wretchedness of your humane condition reduceth you at last to so small a thing, that you are *nothing at all*. But if I must give a name to those grains of corrupted dust, which are made of your deplorable remains,

*Man only is considerable in respect of his noble actions.*

I shall call them the *Ideas* of a dream, since the memory of your being can pass for no other together with the time. *Behold a fresh subject of Entertain!*

Some of our *Ethnick* Historians report to us, that the *Troglodites* buried their kindred

dred and friends, with the tone of joyfull cries, and acclamations of *mirth*.

The *Lothophagi* cast them into the Sea, choosing rather to have them eaten of fishes in the water, than of worms in the earth.

The *Scythians* did eat the bodies of their friends, in sign of amity, insomuch that the living were the Sepulcher of the dead. The *Hircanians* cast the bodies of their kindred to the Doggs. The *Massagetes* exposed them as a prey to all manner of ravenous beasts.

The *Lydians* dryed them in the Sun, and after reduced them to powders, to the end the wind might carry them away.

Amongst all the customes, which were practised amongst these *strange Nations*, I find none more commendable than the first, of the *Troglodites*: looking for no hell, they had good reason to celebrate the funeral of their friends and kindred, with laughter and acclamations of cheerfulness, rather than with tears, and lamentations.

For, though that *Life* be granted us by divine favour, yet we enjoy it but as a punishment, since it is no other

than a continual correction  
of our continual offences. Be-

sides the sad accidents

which accompany it inseparably, even to

*There is more contentment to die than to live, if we consider the end, for which man was created.*

the

the grave, are so numerous, that a man may justly be very glad at the end of his journey,

*The body of Man being made of earth, is subject to earth; but the soul holds onely of its soveraign Creator.*

to see himself discharged of so ponderous a burthen.

Not that I here condemn the tears, which we are accustomed to shed, at the death of our nearest friends, for these are resentments of grief, whereof Nature authorizeth the first violences. But neither do I blame the vertue of those spirits, who never discover alteration upon any rencounter of the mishaps and miseries of the world, how extream soever they be. And what disaster is it to see dye, either our kindred or friends, since all

*The living are more to be bemoaned than the dead, they being still in the midst of this life's tempest, but these are already arrived to their Port.*

the world together, and Nature it self, can do nothing less? What reason then can a man have to call himself miserable, for being destinated to cele-

brate the funerals of those, whom he loves best, since the Divine Providence hath soveraignly established this Order, and since moreover in this carreer of Death, to which all the world speeds, the Present on's, being not distinguish'd but by Time, it will appear when all is come to the up-shot, that one hath lived as long as another, since all ages  
though

though different during their continuance, are equal then, when they are past. Change we the discourse.

I advow once again; There is no remedy more soveraign to cure the passion of arrogance, than this of the consideration of Cæmities, and Tombs. The most vain-glorious and ambitious are forced to yield themselves at the assaults of these *sad objects*. For a spirit never so brave and valourous, cannot but be astonish'd, when he sees at his feet the bones and dust of an infinite number of persons, who were as valiant as he; what thoughts can he have but of *submission*, and *humility*, considering that one part of himself is already reduced into dust and filth? I say a part of himself, since he himself is but a piece of the same matter, which now serves him for object, and to the same last point will be extended one day the line of his life.

*To what purpose is courage against those perils, which cannot be avoided.*

When *Virgil* tells us of the fate of *Priam*, he brings in *Aeneas*, astonish'd at it, that so great a Monarch should leave to posterity no other Monument of his greatness, but a *Trunk of flesh*, a *head separated* from the shoulders, and a *carcase* without name or shame.

*Aeneid. lib. 2. Jacet ingens litore truncus Avulsūque humeris caput, & sine nomine corpus.*

*Great*

*Great Kings,* This Truth is a *Mirrour*

*He which makes him-  
self rightly sensible of  
his miseries, is partly  
in way to be exempted  
from their tyranny.*

*which flatters not.* Gaze

here often in these medi-  
tations, and you will sure-  
ly at length consider, that

*All is full of vanity,* and that this glory of the  
world, whereof you are so strongly Idola-  
ters, is but a *Phantasie*, and *Chimera*, to  
which your imaginations give that beauty  
which charms you, and that delicacy, which  
ravishes you. What think you is it, to be  
the greatest of the world? 'Tis an honour  
whereof misery and inconstancy are the  
foundations, for all the felicities which can  
arrive us, are of the same nature as we are,  
and consequently, are miserable as our con-  
dition, and as changing. This *Earth* where-  
on you live, is the *lodging* of the dead, What  
*Eternity* believe you to find in it? *Eternity*  
of honours, riches, and contentments? There  
was never any but in imagination, and this  
*Idea*, which we have of them, is but a re-  
flection from the lightning of Truth, where-  
with Heaven illuminates *noble souls*, thus to

*There is nothing eter-  
nal in this world, but  
this scope of truth.*

guide them to the search  
of the *true source* of all, by  
the aid of those *small ri-*

*vulvers.* *It is time to finish this work.*

I have made appear to you in the first  
Chapter,

*Chapter*, the particular study which a man ought to take, to come to the \* *Knowledge of himself*, wherein lies the accomplishment of perfection, And herein the precept is, *The Consideration of the miseries*, which are *destinated* to our Nature, as being so many objects capable enough to force up the power of our reason, to give credence to the *resentments of frailty*, which are proper to us. But this is not all, to be merely sensible of our wretchedness. *Serious Consideration* must often *renew* the *Idea's* of them in our souls, more than the *hard experience of them*. And this to the end, that *vanity*, to which we are too incident, may not surprize us, during the intervals of a meditation, so important. We must often dive into ourselves, and seek in the truth of our nothingness, some light to make us thus to *know our selves*. Afterwards *making a rise* a little higher, it is necessary to consider the *End*, for which we were created, and in this *consideration* to employ all the powers of the several *faculties* of our souls, to the generous design of getting possession of that *Glory*. Behold the *Corollary of my first Argument or Chapter*.

Seneca.

\* Hoc iubet illa Pythicis oraculis adscripta vox.

Nosce teipsum.

He that searches into himself, shall not lose his labour.

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*The second* instructs us a new means, to resist powerfully the *bite* of the vanities of the world, from the example of the wretchedness of *\*one of the greatest Monarchs* of the world.

\* *Saladine.*

*Fortune* had refused him nothing, because she meant to take all from him, for in the height of his glory he finds himself reduced

*Poverty and Riches depend upon opinion, and a noble soul is above his fortune in what condition soever he be.*

to the poorness of his shirt only, which is all he carries with him into the grave. And this makes us

sensibly perceive that the greatnesse of the Earth are *Goods*, as good as estranged from humane nature, since in this mortal and perishing condition we can only possess their use, and the term of this possession is of so short endurance that we see as soon the end

as the beginning. Reader, represent unto thy self, how thou shalt be dealt with at thy death, both by *Fortune* and the *World*, since the *Minion* of this blind Goddess, and the greatest

*Et quæ veneraris, & quæ despicias, unus exequabit cinis. Sen.*

of the Universe is exposed all naked in his shirt in sight of all his subjects, to

be given in prey to the worms, as well as the most miserable of the Earth.

*The horror of Death, is purely in the weakness of imagination.*

The Third Chapter, where *Life* leads *Death* in Triumph,

Triumph, teaches us the Art to vanquish *this Untameable*, by considering its weakness: for in effect, if Death be but a privation, 'tis to be deprived of reason and judgment, to give it a being, since it cannot subsist but in our impaired imaginations. The fantasm of an *Idea* is it, whose very form is immaterial, as having no other subsistence, I say, but that which the weakness of our spirit gives it. And again, to come to the most important point; Let this be the close of the recapitulation, that you may have means not to stand in fear on't; \* *Muse on it alwayes, look for it in all places, and overcoming your selves, you shall triumph over it. Never did an unblemish'd life fear Death.*

Seneca.

\* Incertum est, quo te loco mors expectet; itaque tu illam omni loco expecta.

The last Chapter, where the object of *Cemeteries*, and *Sepulchers*, is laid before your eyes, may now again serve for the last touch, since it is a *Theatre*, where you must play the *Tragedy* of your lives. All this great number of *Actors*, whose bones and ashes you see there, have every one plaid their part, and it may be, that the hour will soon *Knell*, that you must act yours. Reader, live ever in this providence:

Hodie mihi Cras tibi.  
Think on that Reader;  
it may be thy turn to  
morrow.

providence : A Man cannot too soon resolve to do that well, which howsoever must be done of necessity. God grant, that these last lines may once again reproach thee, the bad estate of thy Conscience ; delay not too long this Check to thy self, lest too late the regrets be then in vain. Thy salvation is fastened to Momentum est unde an instant : consider the inpendet eternitas.

finite number of them, which are already slippt away, when perhaps at that moment, thou wert in a state (if dying) to incur the punishment of a second Death, and that eternal. If thou trust to thy youth, put thy head out of the window, and thou shalt see carried to the grave some not so old as thy self. If thou relie upon thy bealth, which thou now enjoyest, 'tis but a false-going dyal. The calm of a perfect bealth, bath

Sæpe optimus status corporis periculosissimus. Hip. Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

often times ushered the Tempest of a suddain Death.

What hopest thou for? hope is deceitfull ; what

stayest thou for? A wise man ought never to defer till to morrow, what should be done to day. Lastly, what desirest thou? The peace of conscience is the only desirable good. Go on then right forward, thou canst not miss the way which I have chalk'd thee.

# PERLECTORI,

## The Translators Corollary.

SO, Now 'tis done, although it be no Task  
That did much Brains, or toylsome Study ask:  
The Meaning I 'vouch good, but Merit small,  
Intending English, the French Principal:  
It is but a Translation I confess,  
And yet the Rubs of Death in't nevertheless  
May tripp some capering Fancies of the Time,  
That Domineer, and Swagger it in Rime,  
That Charge upon the Reader, and give Fire  
On all, that do not (as they do) admire  
Either their rugged Satyrs cruel vein,  
Or puff-paste Notes 'bove Ela in high strain:  
Then in prevention quarrel like a curst  
Scold, who being guilty, yet will call Whore first.  
When any dyes whose Muse was rich in Verse,  
They claim Succession, and prophane his Herse,  
They only are Heirs of his Brain-estate,  
Others are base, and illegitimate.  
All but their own Abettors they desire,  
And lord it in their Wits Supremacie.  
Others they say but Skulk, as lye i'th' lurch  
As we hold Schismatics from the true Church,  
So hold they all that do decline their way,  
Nor swear by Heaven, All's excellent they say:  
'Twere well they'd see the fing'ring on these frets,  
Can neither save their Souls, nor pay their Debts.  
Or would they think of Death as they should do,  
They would live better and more honour'd too.  
'Tis base to do base deeds, yet for false fame,  
To keep a stir, and bustle into Name:

*Whilſt*

Whilst each applauds his own, contemns anothers,  
 Becons his own deserts, but his he smothers.  
 They fear Fame's out of breath, and therefore they,  
 Trumpet their own praises in their own way.  
 Or joyn in Trick of State Consideracie,  
 Call *Quid pro Quo*, Claw me, and I'll Claw thee.  
 Marry, at others (Tooth and Nail) they fly,  
 That do not tread their Path, but would go by.  
 Farewell to these, my aim not here insists,  
 Leave we these wranglers unto equall lists.  
 To Nobler Natures I my best expose,  
 The Good I bow to, in an humble Close :  
 To such as knowing how vain this Life is,  
 Exalt their thoughts to one better than This.  
 'Tis the best Method to be out of Love  
 With things below, and thence to soar above.  
 To which effect my souls integrity,  
 In L'envoy thus salutes each courteous eye.

---

L'envoy.

Ingenuous Reader, thou do'st crown  
 The Moral active course laid down,  
 By *De la Serre*, what is pen'd,  
 If thy actions recommend.

---

Relating to the first *EMBLEME*.

When haughty thoughts impuff thee, than  
 Dictate thy self, Thou art but Man,  
 A fabrick of commixed Dust,  
 That's all the prop of humane trust.

How

How dares a Clod of mouldring *Clay*  
Be proud, decaying every day?  
And yet there is a way beside,  
Wherein may be a lawfull *Pride*.  
When fly *Temptations* stir thee, Than,  
Again the *World*, *Thou art a Man*.  
Rouze up thy *Spirits*, do not yield,  
A brave resistance wins the *Field* :  
Shall a soul of *Heavenly* breath,  
Grovel so far, its worth beneath :  
Fouly to be pollute with slime,  
Of any base and shameful crime?  
Thou art a *Man*, for *Heaven* born.  
Reflect on *Earth* disdainful scorn,  
Be not abus'd, since *Life* is *short*,  
Squander it not away in sport :  
Nor hazard heavens *Eternal* Joyes;  
For a small spurt of worldly Toyes.  
Do *Something* ere thou do bequeath  
To *Worms* thy flesh, to *Air* thy breath ;  
*Something*, that may, when thou art dead,  
With *honour* of thy name be read ;  
*Something* that may, when thou art cold,  
have frozen *Spirits*, when 'tis told ;  
*Something* that may the grave controul,  
And shew thou hadst a *noble* Soul.  
Do *something* to advance thy blis  
Both in the other *World*, and *This*.

---

Relating to the second *EMBLEME*.

W<sup>E</sup>re both the *Indies* treasures Thine,  
And thou Lord of every *Mine* ;  
Or hadst thou all the golden Ore,  
On *Tagus* or *Pastolus* Shore ;

And

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And were thy Cabinet the *Shrine*  
Where thousand Pearls and Diamonds shine,  
All must be left, and thou allow'd,  
A little linnen for thy *Shroud*.  
Or if 'twere so thy Testament,  
Perhaps a goodly Monument.  
What better is a golden Chase,  
Or *Marble*, than a *Charnel* place?  
*Charon* hence no advantage makes,  
A half penny a soul he takes,  
Thy heirs will leave thee but a *Shirt*,  
Enough to hide thy rotten Dirt.  
Then, be not Greedy of much pelf,  
*He that gets all, may lose himself*.  
And Riches are of this *Dilemne*,  
Or they leave us, or we must them.  
Death brings to Misers double wo,  
They lose their Cash, and their Souls too.  
Change then thy scope to heavenly gains,  
That wealth eternally remains.

Relatory to the third *EMBLEME*.

**B**E not curious to amaze  
With glitt'ring pomp the *Vulgar* gaze,  
Strive not to cheat with vain delight,  
Those that are *catcht* with each brave light.  
How soon will any gawdy show,  
Make their *low* Spirits overflow,  
Whose Souls are ready to *run* o're  
At any *Toy* ne're seen before?  
Rather thy *better* thought apply,  
For to address thy self to dye.

Be ne're so glorious, after all  
Thy latest pomp's thy *Funeral*.  
Shall a drels of *Tyrian Dye*,  
Or *Venice gold Embroydery*,  
Or new-fash'on varied *Vest*,  
Tympanize thy out-strutting brest?  
There's none of these will hold thee tack,  
But thy last colour shall be *Black*.  
Be not deceiv'd *There comes a Day*,  
Will sweep thy *Glories* all away.  
Mean while, the thought on't may abate  
Th' *Excesses* of thy present state.  
*Death* never can that *Man* surprize  
That *watches* for't with wary *Eyes*.  
Do so : And thou shalt make thereby  
A *Virtue of necessity* ;  
And when thy *Dying-day* is come,  
Go like a man that's walking home.  
*Heav'n* Guard thee with Angelick pow'r  
To be prepared for *that hour*.  
When ev'ry *Soul* shall feel what 'tis  
To have liv'd *Well*, or done *Amis*.

---

Relating to the fourth *EMBLEME*.

L Et not the *Splendour* of high *Birth*  
Be all thy *Gloss* without true worth.  
Let neither *honour*, nor vast *wealth*,  
*Beauty*, nor *Valour*, nor firm *health*  
Make thee bear up too high thy head,  
All men alike are buried.  
Stare not with *Supercilious brow*,  
Poor folks are *Dust*, and so art *Thou*.  
Triumph not in thy worldly *Odds*,  
*They dye like men whom we count Gods*,

And

---

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---

And in the *Grave* it is all one,  
Who enjoy'd all, or who had none.  
Death cuts off all superfluous,  
And makes the proudest *One of us*.  
Nor shall there *difference* then between  
The dust of Lords, or *slaves*, be seen,  
Together under ground they lye  
Without distin&ive Heraldry;  
Unless it be that some brave Tomb,  
Do grace the *Great ones* in Earths womb.  
But better 'tis that *Heaven's* door,  
Is oft'nest open to the poor;  
When those, whose backs and sides with sin  
Are bunch'd and swoln, can't get in.  
Beware the Bulk of thy Estate  
Shock thee from entrance in that *Gate*.  
Give Earth to Earth : but give thy Mind  
To Heaven, where its sear's assign'd,  
If, as it came from that bright *Sphere*,  
*Thither* thou tend, not fix it here.  
Live, that thy Soul may *Whise* return,  
Leaving its *Partner* in the Urn,  
Till a blest day shall re-unite,  
And beam them with *Eternal Light*.

*Ainsi Souhaite*

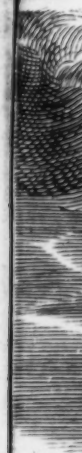
Vostre tres-humble Serviteur

THOMAS CART.

---

THE END.





O t  
tha

Q

LIMI



*O that they were Wise, that they understood This,  
that they would Consider their latter End ! Deut: 32.29.*

————— **MORS** sola fatetur

Quantu a sint hominum corpuscula. ————— *Juvenal:*

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PHIL  
to A



PHILIP King of MACEDON comanded one of his Pages  
to Awake him euery Morning, & Call aloud to him  
SIR Remember that You are a MAN.



Victorious SALADINE caus'd to be Proclaim'd to all his  
Armie that he carried nothing with him to the  
Graue but a SHIRT after all his Conquests .





*ADRIAN* Emperour of Rome Celebrates  
himselfe, his Funeralls, and causes his Coffin  
to be carried in Triumph before him.



ates  
offin  
.



Alex  
Sepu  
That



Alexander, and Diogenes discoursing among the  
Sepulchers of the Dead, the Cynick tells the King,  
That in the Graue, Monarchs and Meaner Men  
are all alike.